WHY AMERICAN MOTHERS DEMAND [illegible]

By Mrs. CHARLES H. SABIN

WEEK ENDING SEPT. 10, 1932

# Liberty

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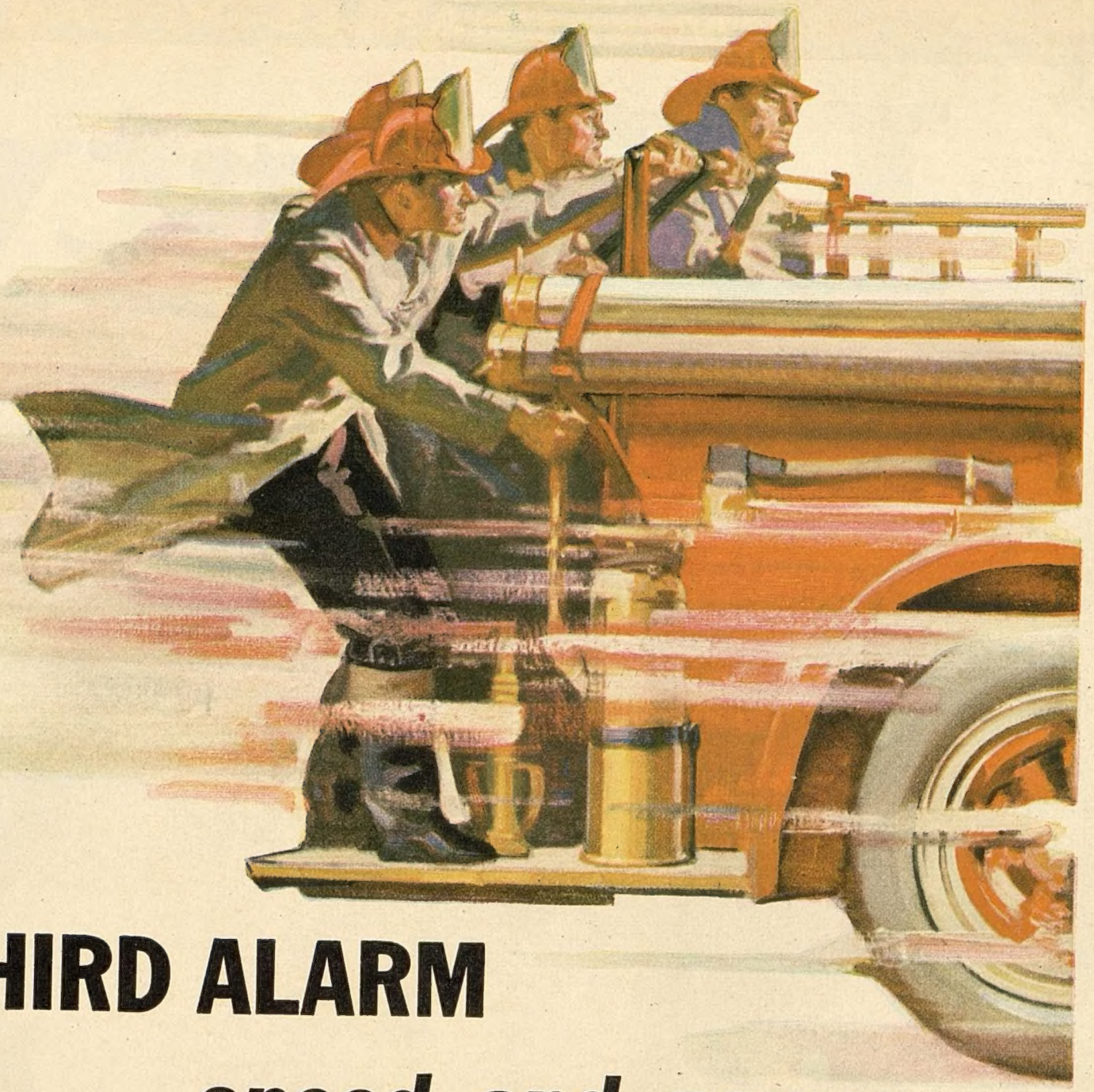
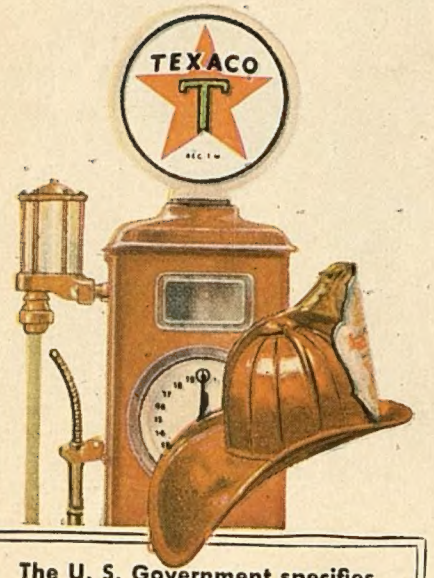
*America's Best Read Weekly*



# THIRD ALARM

## speed and power




**The U. S. Government specifies for its emergency use**

"... a grade of motor fuel which is suitable for ambulances, fire-engines, emergency vehicles,—"

(Excerpt from Federal Pamphlet, VV-M-571, July 21, 1931)

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# TEXACO *FIRE-CHIEF* GASOLINE

**Developed for fire engines---Yours at no extra price**

# Liberty

*America's Best Read Weekly*

SEPTEMBER 10, 1932 VOL. 9, NO. 37


*"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."*
*—Abraham Lincoln.*

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Cover by LESLIE THRASHER

# LET YOUR CONSCIENCE BE YOUR GUIDE!

Our friends often humorously tell us to depend on our conscience in some emergencies. But it is said often to have elastic propensities; it can be stretched to suit individual inclinations.

Now the voters of this country will soon have to decide between two outstanding candidates. Some prohibitionists will probably be guided by their conscience at the polls; others will be inclined to weigh the conflicting platforms and be swayed by the resulting conclusions.

There never was a time when independent voting was more popular than it will be on this occasion.

Some people are born Democrats or Republicans. They inherit their politics. And they do not allow their allegiance to be swayed no matter what may be the changes in the principles of their chosen party. It is voters of this kind that help to bring about the conditions from which we are suffering today.

We have had too much party politics and not a sufficient intelligence on the part of voters. When one acquires the habit of voting for a certain party, blindly adhering to such a policy, we might say that such votes are wasted; they are certainly not helpful in bringing about governmental changes that are sometimes badly needed.

Very few people look upon suffrage as a really personal responsibility. Their votes are often swayed by sentiment rather than by intelligent effort to select the most capable candidate.

But today we are facing unprecedented conditions. And we are depending upon our government for relief. Demands are being made for certain legislative remedial activities. All these various factors make the selection of candidates this fall more important than ever before.

No matter how blindly you may have voted at previous elections, vote on this occasion in accordance with the dictates of your intelligence. If your conscience is guided by your intelligence and not by prejudice it will then be dependable. Clear reasoning is needed, and there never was a time in the history of this country when the responsibility of suffrage was as important to our future welfare as it is today.

Two great parties are struggling mightily for supremacy. The battle of votes will decide the winner. But let us hope that there will be a larger percentage of the ballot cast as a result of careful thinking.

Study the party platforms in minute detail. Know as much as you can about the candidates—not only nationally, but locally. Make your vote count for constructive changes.

Criticism to the effect that we are depending entirely too much upon legislative measures for relief is accurate to the last degree. But much of the capital that has been invested in the promotion of business is now being hoarded because of the fear of hostile legislation. Business men everywhere must be assured that governmental activities will be helpful and friendly.

But, after all, business must take care of itself, although it must not be restricted or restrained by overtaxation—or handicapped by governmental interference.

Some of these questions may be complicated, but when you cast your vote at the next election put aside all prejudice; make a decision after cool, calm reasoning; and whenever possible scratch self-seeking, selfish politicians.

Vote for candidates whose activities have indicated that their one thought is the future welfare of this country.


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# TEN FRANCS A

## *The Story of an Embarrassed Young Man Who Lost His Heart with His Pocketbook*

*THE young man had failed to pay his bill. He had eaten much; drunk much; but he had tried to evade his end of the bargain, le sale cochon!*

*(Reading time: 30 minutes 7 seconds.)*

IT was not the sort of thing a fellow liked to think of as happening in Paris.

In New York it wouldn't have bothered Hobson Z. Jones so much to have witnessed the poignant little scene. Every New Yorker knows that it is an old custom among Manhattan restaurateurs to express annoyance by having recalcitrant customers tossed bodily out on the sidewalks. It is a practice that dates back to the good old days of the saloon, when hinting was considered effeminate.

But Paris! And at the outset of his very first evening in Paris. It jarred him.

His taxi, having paused long enough to permit its driver to enjoy the best of the little drama, moved on. The young man who had been chucked so conclusively from the restaurant into the outer darkness was being yanked to his feet by the two policemen who had trotted up. Hobby Jones summoned what he could of his freshman French and asked the driver to explain what they had seen.

Picking up a phrase here and a key word there, he learned that his guess had been accurate. The young man, in the taxi driver's opinion, had failed to pay his bill. He had eaten much; he had drunk much; but he had tried to evade his end of the bargain, *le sale cochon.* What had overtaken him in consequence was, to the cabman's mind, less than he deserved. A little shaking; and now a few days or weeks in jail—what was that? Ah, in the little streets, it was not so sweet . . .

While the man continued his address—interrupting himself now and again to put his hands on the wheel and avert a collision—Hobby Jones felt in his inside pocket to make sure that his wallet was there and comfortingly bulging with French bank notes and travelers' checks for emergencies. It was; and, even while his pilot enlarged on the things that they did to defaulters in some restaurants, his spirits rose again. By the time he disembarked at the restaurant the hotel concierge had recommended, he had almost recaptured his mood.

The doorman bowed him into a section of the revolving door and gave it a respectful push. Hobson Z. Jones was whooshed into the lobby. He stopped short.

Before him, not ten feet away, stood a girl so beautiful that it took an optimist to believe the evidence of his own eyes. Hobby's mouth dropped open and a slight gugging sound came from his throat. His nostrils palpitated like a rabbit's at the sight of lettuce. The door, on its second round, caught him in the rear and pushed him forward a foot or so.

" 'Scuse," he murmured to it, and continued to goggle.

The girl wore a slinky gold dress that matched the high lights in her hair.

She was straight and slim and young, from her smooth shoulders to her slender ankles and tiny feet, shod in the merest suggestion of gold slippers. Her eyes, looking at something across the lobby, were serene and large and—whether blue or brown he couldn't decide at that distance—dark.

She flicked a tiny smile at the man she had been waiting for: a little red-faced, white-haired man. A nasty-looking man, Hobby thought; not at all the kind of man a girl like that ought to be out with. What a girl like that needed . . .

A youth in uniform invaded the fringe of Hobby's vision as the girl took her escort's arm and started to move toward the entrance of the restaurant proper.

# DANCE

By

## EDWARD HOPE

*Pictures by*
D'ALTON VALENTINE

"*Vestiaire, m'sieu?* You chack the hat and the coat?"

"Yes. *Oui.*" Hobby watched the girl.

"Thees way."

His eyes still following the gold dress, Hobby moved vaguely off after the boy.

His feet, left to their own devices, did their best. But they could not know that there was a step up to the cloakroom counter.

"Gah!" gasped Hobson Z. Jones, and sprawled forward.

SOMEBODY caught him. Violently, and almost literally, brought down to earth, Hobby found himself in the arms of a young man whose hair grew down an inch farther than necessary in front of each ear. The young man smirked, his mouth tilted up at one corner and an eyebrow elevated to match.

"Ees more good," he said, "to go where you are looking."

"Sorry. Thanks," said Hobby, getting his feet under him again. The smirking young man stepped back, bowing slightly. Hobby jerked his coat straight where the other man had caught it.

He handed the head waiter most of the change he had got from the taxi driver, pulling out a wad of paper money from his trousers pocket. He got the table he wanted.

It was a table placed against a wall. Four tables away, seated against another wall that ran at right angles, was the girl in gold. He wouldn't even have to turn his head.

Through no fault of his own, Hobson Z. Jones dined well. His only contribution to the planning of the meal was the preface of two cocktails. The rest of his order he gave by nodding heedless assent to the suggestions that the waiter made.

This method of ordering required the minimum of inattention to the girl in gold. When he had finished his dinner, including a whole bottle of champagne, he relaxed in such a state of contentment as the early Christians hoped to find in heaven.

ONLY two things were lacking to make his happiness complete. One was half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda. The other was the acquaintance of the young lady he had been watching for the better part of two hours, who seemed even more beautiful and desirable after all this observation than she had before.

He told himself not to be an idiot. He repeated a poetic figure about ships that pass in the night. He put away his unattainable desires.

This wasn't seeing Paris, anyhow. Here he was for the first time in his life within easy taxiing distance of Montmartre, the Grandes Boulevards, the fabled Rive Gauche, and he was sitting soddenly, digesting too much dinner. A month for all of Europe—a reward from his parents, hard earned by graduating from Yale with honors (even though a friend of his on the faculty had spoken of it as *minima cum laude*) —and he was letting the moments slip through his fingers.

Hobby called for the check. He would move on. He put his hand in his inside coat pocket for his wallet.

He gave a little yelp.

The pocket was empty!

Presently, when his knees were capable of the effort, he rose and tottered out into the lobby. A waiter, seeing the look on his face, reflected that if these young Americans chose to drink like pigs, it all went to swell the profits. Hobby groped his way out like a man going to commit suicide in Act Seventeen of an O'Neill play.

He found the step that had tripped him. He saw no wallet. He got down on his hands and knees to go over the ground inch by inch. He tried to lift the carpet, which was nailed down.

"Lose something?" inquired a gentleman who had wearied of sitting at the bar and had happened by.

"Woof!" grunted Hobby.

"Nice doggie," said the gentleman, patting his head.

On a forlorn hope, he had the cloakroom woman produce his overcoat, and went through every pocket. The woman denied having seen a wallet. The uniformed boy was equally without clues.

"Ah, well," said Hobby nonchalantly, flashing them a ghastly smile. He realized that the fatal thing would be to arouse a suspicion that he was without money. His manner was meant to imply that this was only one of his second-string wallets and that the bulk of his fortune was intact.

Back at his table, he scanned the seat he had been occu-

pying, implying that he had mislaid a handkerchief. He peeped under the table and retied one of his shoes to disarm onlookers. He tipped up one corner of the check the waiter had brought and glanced at the total as if he were just barely curious.

"Oo-uh," he said to the waiter. "Believe I'll stay a bit. Changed my mind—heh-heh! Bring me some more coffee and a brandy."

Dimly his eyes, which were roving the room glassily without assignment, made him aware of the activities of his acquaintance of earlier in the evening, the side-whiskered young man. Hobby saw him, as the music paused, escort a fattish woman back to a table she shared with a plump man with a beard. He saw the woman open a purse, take something out of it, and slip it into the young man's hand. He saw the young man bow his thanks, turn, and march straight to another table, where two middle-aged women sat. He saw him bow again, saw one of the women rise and accompany him to the dance floor.

Suddenly Hobby's thoughts, which had been whirling madly in panic, focused themselves on the facts his eyes had been devouring. The young man was a gigolo. He was paid for dancing with the unattractive, the mismated, the unaccompanied. That meant . . .

He watched the progress of the dancing with eager glances. There appeared to be three gigolos at work. For all these women.

Yes, by George! It was possible for a bright young man to earn an honest penny without leaving the restaurant. Salvation was in sight.

He gulped the brandy and slid his glance over the assemblage. At a table near the orchestra there were two women without a man. They were well on the far side of forty-five, but their arms gleamed with bracelets . . .

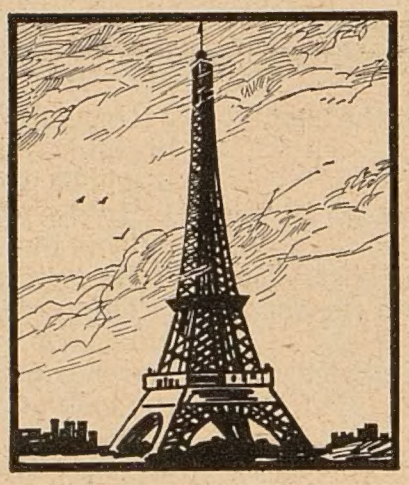
"*Voulez-vous dancer, madame?*" He had studied the formal bow. By luck, as he was crossing the floor, he had overheard the words that went with it.

He forced his fascinated gaze away from the furry mole on his prospective customer's cheek and flashed her a smile. She smiled in return, reckless of the layers of expensive make-up she had to fold up in the process. She rose.

Hobby took a deep breath. He was in the business.

His partner bounced and skidded and shuffled unaccustomed feet. She bubbled rapid French which he answered with a respectful "*Oui, madame,*" when it seemed indicated.

After the second pause in the music he bowed her into her chair, and stood with his hand on the table, suggestively close to her hand bag. She realized suddenly, and plunged her fingers into the bag.



BACK at his base of operations, he found it was a pink five-franc note. At that rate, he calculated rapidly, he would have to dance fifty times. Which should take him through until late next afternoon.

Yet the fate of the young man he had seen flying out of the other restaurant was vividly imprinted on his mind.

The angular, school-teacherish woman he snatched from the little bald-headed man gave him ten francs. The bulgy one in pink, whose hair was the unconvincing yellow of goldenrod, declined his services. A bony seventeen-year-old, there with her parents, danced rather decently, for all her fright, and her father contributed twenty francs. A matron with a heavy black mustache actually summoned him by crooking a finger, and was good for another ten francs.

It occurred to him suddenly that the girl in gold hadn't been dancing. He summoned courage, for the first time since he had discovered himself to be a pauper, to look at her. She was wearing a look of semiboredom. Her escort was smoking a cigar in silence.

A gigolo has nothing to lose.

"*Voulez-vous dancer, mademoiselle?*"

He warded off an attack of dizziness by clutching the side of the table as she met his eyes. Goose flesh rippled down his spine. The girl hesitated an instant.

Then she said, "*Oui, merci.*"

The man beside her had been looking at Hobby as if he were something that had moved in a piece of cheese.

"Here!" he bellowed in a voice unbelievably large for so small a man. "Here! What's this?"

"The professional dancer, daddy. He's asked me to dance."

The little man bellowed again.

"You mean this fellow's a whatyoucallum—a jiggle-oh?"

The girl looked pained.

"That's right," Hobby said shamelessly. "For the convenience—"

"Damned impertinence! Damned outrage! Come annoying—"

"Please, daddy. It's the custom all over Europe."

"All the worse for Europe, then. Disgusting!"

"Please, daddy. The music's wonderful, and I feel like dancing."

"Well!" he roared. "Go ahead and dance. Don't pay any attention to me. I'm an old fogy. I don't know anything. I'm only your father. Go on! Go ahead and dance!"

SHE didn't speak to him while they danced. She didn't need to. Never had he had a partner so light, so perfectly in rhythm, so unhesitatingly able to follow whatever intricacies occurred to him. . . . As if she hadn't been unnerving enough, just to look at.

She smiled at him fleetingly when it was over, and even the outward appearance of professional detachment deserted him. Champagne had never affected him like this. Starting back to her table, he touched her elbow with his fingertips. Her shining hair came close to his cheek.

"Oh!" he exhaled. "You're wonderful!"

That was his error. She turned her head quickly and gave him a look that singed his eyebrows.

"You're American, aren't you?" she said.

"Yes. From New York."

"I thought so. The Continental gigolos have better manners."

She walked ahead of him. From the hotness of his face he judged that it must be a rich old-rose shade. He tottered.

At the table she confronted him again. There was little to choose between her look of utter scorn and her father's angry glare.

"What's your fee?"

She knew as well as he did that it was a tipping proposition, but she was calling his attention to the fact that this had been strictly a business deal.

"Whatever you like. Ten francs is about average."

She gave him twenty-five. He blinked and bowed. Perhaps it was his abject humility that softened her.

"I shall want you again after a while," she said.

"Thank you." He oozed out of her presence.

Sitting at his own table, he was trying to untangle his thoughts. Someone leaned over him. He jumped, whirled around, found himself facing the gigolo with sideburns.

"Oh!" said Hobby, greeting a fellow worker. "Hello!"

The real gigolo did not smile. He seated himself. One corner of his mouth went down and the corresponding eyebrow followed it.

"Ees eet that you theenk you are a gigolo?"

Hobby shrugged uneasily. "Oh—just having a go at it."

The visitor made a noise in the back of his nose. "Neh! You think maybe is fonny, hah?"

"No, indeed. Far from it. Hard work and small pay."

The gigolo lighted a cigarette and managed to make the gesture threatening. Hobby fidgeted. "You have, *naturellement*, the *carte* of worrrkeeng?"

"Mmm—well—no, as a matter of fact."

"You theenk ees maybe onimportant, so?"

"Tell you the truth, I never heard of it."

"You hear eet now, not? You hear sometheeng more.

*THERE was a half-empty glass on the bar. Hobby pushed. Its contents splashed on the gigolo's sleeve.*

Eet ees here three professional. Myself and two other. No more. *Entendu?*"

There was something definitely unfriendly about the fellow. There was also his distinct resemblance to all the Latin villains of the movies.

"How—uh—do you mean?"

"I mean you weel stop being gigolo. Or you have trobble."

"For not having a thingumajig—worker's card?"

"Maybe." The gigolo's hand darted swiftly inside his coat. "You have trobble maybe with the police. Maybe with me." The hand came into sight once more and opened for an instant. A small unwholesome-looking dagger lay in it. "*Compris?*"

The man was on his feet again, smiling his crooked smile. Then he was gone; he was halfway across the room, bowing before a dark-skinned woman with slick black hair.

Little by little, Hobby closed his mouth. He blinked until his eyes focused again.

But he couldn't seem to do anything with some of his internal organs that had slipped out of place and left emptiness under the waistband of his trousers.

Presently he realized that the girl in gold was nodding imperiously at him, summoning him. He stole a glance at the gigolo, who was performing gracefully. Oh, well, between the devil and the deep sea, there's nothing like a dip in the ocean. He rose a little shakily.

Hobby's heart wasn't in his work this time. And there was something eccentric about the course he chose on the floor.

He felt that his professional acquaintance deserved plenty of room.

AFTERWARD he started to leave the girl without a tip. Her father's voice stopped him. It reminded him of feeding time in the lion house at the zoo.

"Sit down, young man." It wasn't precisely an invitation. Nor was it a promise of a friendly chat. Hobby sat.

"My daughter tells me you're an American."

"Yes, sir. From New York. Matter of fact—"

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, young man?"

"How do you mean? For being an American or—"

"For being in this position here. You ought to be ashamed. Heartily ashamed! You're a decent-looking young man. Probably come from decent people. And you're a jiggle-oh!"

"Well, sir—"

"It's all right for these foreigners. They've got their own way of looking at things. And they're welcome to it. But you—I should think you'd rather dig in the streets! What's your name?"

"Jones, sir."

"What's your right name?"

It occurred to Hobby that the old gentleman's idea was sound. He shouldn't give his right name. His eye caught sight of a bottle that protruded from a shiny bucket on the next table. Moet & Chandon, it said. "Shandon, sir," he said.

"That's better. Now, do you mean to tell me, Shandon, that you wouldn't prefer some decent, manly job?"

"It wasn't a matter of preference," said Hobby.

"Hah! Then you *are* ashamed! Quite properly."

Out of the tail of his eye Hobby saw the gigolo giving him a look. "Why, I'd quit this minute," he said, "if I could. For two cents I'd—"

"Why don't you, then?"

Hobby put his hand in his pocket and felt the little wad of five- and ten-franc notes. "Well," he said, "two cents wasn't accurate. But for—for two hundred and fifty francs I really would."

The girl's father beamed on him. "Honestly? You promise? Because it's worth it to me. Matter of pride in my country. I'll be glad to let you have that much. I'll give you three hundred."

Hobby hesitated becomingly. "No. I don't want to beg for it."

"You didn't beg for it. I'm offering it. Is it a bargain?"

Hobby stole a glance at the girl. Her eyes were bright, interested—hoping, he guessed, for his salvation.

"Y-yes, sir."

"Good boy!" The girl's father produced a bill fold and flicked paper money about. He looked up and crooked a finger at the waiter. The man bent over him. "Send the manager."

"The manager?" gulped Hobby. "Oh, really, there's no necessity—"

"I don't want you to be tempted, Shandon. I want you to resign now, while I'm here to back you up. Burn your bridges."

"Oh, but—you can trust me. If I say a thing—"

"*M'sieu' desir—*" said the waiter.

"The manager! *Le directeur.*"

The waiter vanished. Hobby felt himself turn to jelly.

"You didn't mean it," the girl accused him.

"Oh, yes. Yes, I did. Honestly. Only—"

The official who appeared was tall and distinguished-looking. He wore a white mustache with spikes, and perfect evening clothes. He bowed before the girl's father.

"Mr. Shandon," said the guardian of American manhood, indicating Hobby, "has something to say to you."

The official turned to Hobby expectantly.

"Er—uh—" said Hobby, and laughed uncomfortably.

"Go on!" goaded the girl's father. "Tell him."

The girl spoke very quietly: "You're afraid."

THAT did it. Hobby arose and faced the director eye to eye. He cleared his throat and tossed his head.

"I am resigning," he said with dignity, praying that the man wouldn't understand English. "The work is all right for Europeans, who have their own way of looking at—uh—things. All the worse for them. Such employment is not—er—com—uh—"

"—patible," prompted the girl's father.

"—patible with the—um—dignity of a young American citizen. I should rather—er—dig in the—the streets. There are other ways of making a living. I am leaving."

The official, following the foreign tongue closely, his head inclined, couldn't make head or tail of it.

"Monsieur?" he murmured.

"He resigns! He's leaving! He quits!" Hobby's benefactor was one of the many who believe that foreigners will understand perfectly well if you say things loudly enough.

The director, blinking from one to the other, smiled wanly.

"That's it," said Hobby.

"The serveece," the director hazarded, "it is per'aps not—"

"Ow!" howled the girl's father. "That's all. You may go."

The restaurant man bowed, raised his shoulders ever so slightly, and went back to his table across the room. He had known all along that there was no accounting for Americans.

Hobby read the card his savior handed him: "William Henry Trant, The Trant Corporation, Philadelphia, Pa." He wished that he had courage to look at the girl again. He stared at the three hundred-franc notes he was clutching with the card. He realized that he was being orated at.

". . . and I sincerely hope, Shandon, that you will make an entirely new start. I am glad to have been able to help you. If, when you return to America, I can be of further assistance, I don't want you to hesitate to call on me. Good night."

Mr. Trant was shaking his hand. The girl was adding a formal little smile to the festivities.

"Good luck," she said, dismissing him.

AFTER considerable confusion with the French telephone, Hobby got H. H. Arbuthnot on the wire next morning.

"This is Hobson Jones," he said. "Henry Walton Jones's son. Dad gave me a letter of introduction to you that I'd like to present."

Mr. Arbuthnot was enthusiastic. Hank Jones's son! Well, he'd be jiggered! Splendid, splendid!

Hobby suggested dropping around immediately.

"Look here, my boy," said H. H. Arbuthnot. "Mrs.

*"THE serveece," the director hazarded, "it is per'aps not . . ." "Ow!" howled the girl's father. "That's all. You may go."*

Arbuthnot's having a little reception this afternoon. Tea time. Why don't you drop in then? Five or half past. We'll have a long chat."

By five, Hobby, whose twelve francs hadn't seemed adequate for lunch, was ready for sandwiches and champagne. He went in extensively for both before he sought out his host and gave him the letter.

A jolly little man, H. H. Arbuthnot. He drew Hobby over to a bay window.

"I can't tell you what a pleasure this is. I believe I saw you once before. Twenty years or so ago. If my memory serves me, you cried your eyes out when your mother asked you to kiss me. Ho!"

"Silly of me," said Hobby.

"And now you've graduated from college. Doesn't seem possible. And here you are in Paris! Great city for a young man, Paris. If he's discreet. Ho! Ha! *If* he's discreet. Having a good time? Seeing all the sights? Ho! I'll bet! Is there anything I can do for you to make your stay more agreeable?"

"There is a little matter," Hobby said. "I'm embarrassed to tell you, but—"

"Embarrassed? Nonsense! What is it, old man? Short of money? Anything Hank Jones's boy needs—"

"The fact is, Mr. Arbuthnot, I've lost my wallet with all my money in it. Cash and travelers' checks. Everything. It just disappeared last night. Of course, I've only got to cable dad and—"

"Well, that *is* too bad. Upsets a fellow so. But I'll tide you over. Let's see—"

Scratching his chin, Mr. Arbuthnot saw someone approaching. He put out both hands.

"Bill Trant!" he cried.

Hobby needed only a glance to see that it was true. He snatched a glass of champagne from a tray a waiter was carrying past, and gulped its contents. The girl who had worn gold was in dark green now, and as unbelievably lovely as ever.

"Bill," said Mr. Arbuthnot, turning from his handshaking, "I want you to meet—"

"We have met Mr. Shandon," said Mr. Trant.

"Shandon?" said Mr. Arbuthnot, puzzled. "Shandon? This isn't Mr. Shandon. This is—"

Hobby laughed uncomfortably. "I'm afraid I'd better explain."

MR. TRANT fixed him with a glittering eye. "I don't know who he says he is today, but last night he was Shandon. I know. I gave him three hundred francs to give up being a jiggle-oh."

"Gigolo!" The word might as well have been cannibal.

Hobby laughed with what he hoped would appear to be nonchalance. "You see," he said, "last night, after I lost—"

"Be quiet, sir!" roared Mr. Trant in his best lion-house voice. "What's he been telling *you*, Harry?"

"Why, he says he's Hank Jones's son. You remember Jones. Head of International Steel Construction. He must be. He brought me a letter—"

"Hah!" snarled Mr. Trant. "Letter! Hah!"

"If you'll let me explain, Mr. Arbuthnot," said Hobby, grateful to Miss Trant, who had turned away and was talking to an elderly lady. "Last night, when I found I'd—"

"You must have a passport," said Mr. Arbuthnot. "Let's see that."

"I lost that with my wallet. I had it stuck in the middle of—"

"Hah!" exploded Trant again. "I don't suppose he asked for money?"

Mr. Arbuthnot's eyes bulged a little further. A vein twitched on his temple. "Yes!" he squeaked. "He did, by George! He—"

"It's all quite simple," Hobby tried again. "I—"

"Good thing I came up when I did, Harry," said Mr. Trant. "I've heard Paris is full of international racketeers, but—"

"*Will* you listen?" shouted Hobby.

"Be quiet, sir!" Mr. Trant roared. "If I were you, Harry, I'd just telephone the police and—"

"No," Mr. Arbuthnot decided. "My wife'd never

stand for that. I'll have to let him go." He turned to Hobby, who wondered how long it took apoplexy to set in. "Young man, I advise you to go quietly. Now. Before I change my mind."

"But I can explain—"

"Of course he can explain," said Mr. Trant. "They always have half a dozen explanations ready."

Mr. Arbuthnot raised a finger at a passing manservant, spoke to him in rapid French. The man bowed and gave Hobby a look. The suspect started to speak once more. Then he saw Miss Trant's eyes upon him, and avoided further indignities.

He had to pass close to her as the manservant marched him out. So close did he go that her hand touched his.

He felt a card slipped into his fingers. He clutched it. He went on, under the eyes of his escort.

On a table by the entrance—for him, the exit—there was a great tray of sandwiches. He snatched four as he went through the door. The card said, "Miss Faith Martin Trant," and underneath, scribbled in pencil: "Telephone, after 7:30 tonight, Hotel Continental."

"Faith," he said to himself, but not audibly, as his mouth was full of the last two sandwiches, "is right."

The manservant held the door open for him.

The man at the branch post office explained through his crinkly beard that the French government, ever skeptical, doesn't accept collect cablegrams.

The youth in the banking department of the travel agency was more polite but as unsatisfactory; he pointed out that, even should they cable his father on his behalf, they wouldn't be able to give him the money when it arrived, since he had no way of identifying himself.

His hotel, of course, might send the message for him and put the charge on his weekly bill. On the other hand, it might ask for cash, and thereby discover his doubtful financial condition. Which would be suicidal. Too risky.

From his room he telephoned Faith Trant.

"This is Hobson Jones."

"Who? Oh! Hello, Mr. Shandon!"

"Jones."

"Never mind," she laughed. "Listen. Daddy's dining out on business tonight. I told him I'd met a Harvard boy I knew at home. And he said I could go out. I want you to take me out to dinner, and then show me Paris. I mean the parts the tourists don't see. The—the underworld and all that."

"My dear Miss Trant, I don't know any more about the underworld than you do."

"Now, now, now, Mr. Shandon!"

"Honestly, I—"

"It's strictly a job for you, of course. I'll pay all the bills and give you a good tip at the end."

"But—"

"I don't see why you keep this up with me. It doesn't make any difference to me who you are—or what. I simply want to engage you for the evening. So, if you'll call for me at half past eight—"

"Well—"

IN lavender she was even more dazzling than she had been in gold. Her eyes were sparkling in anticipation of excitement.

Sitting beside her in a taxi, he realized that he was a lucky devil to have met this girl, to have her to himself for a whole long evening by the simple expedient of losing a few hundred dollars and a passport.

He did resist, as best he could, her idea of dining in the restaurant in which they had met the night before. But to no avail. She was paying for the party, and she overruled him. It worked out all right. The director who had accepted Hobby's resignation was not in evidence, and the gigolo with the sideburns seemed to have forgotten all about the amateur who had tried to cut in on his trade. Once Hobby danced right past the fellow and found no glimmer of recognition in his eyes.

Miss Trant's guide behaved himself all the way through to the coffee. Dancing with her, sitting at her side, exposed to her almost irresistible charms, he managed to maintain an air of respectful impersonality.

Until they were sitting over the coffee and he was lighting her cigarette.

Her lashes were so long, so delicately curved. Her cheeks were so smooth and cool-looking. Her lips, drawn up a little over the cigarette, were so urgently desirable.

"You *are* so beautiful," he murmured, as if there had been an argument about it.

SHE inhaled smoke and looked at him severely.

"Please, Mr. Shandon! I've hired you for specific service. You've no more right to say things like that than a hotel porter has."

"But what's the harm in telling you the—"

"Never mind. Please don't!"

He thought there was something in her voice, something in her eyes, that wasn't quite so sure. It was only a suspicion. And yet . . .

"It's only a mix-up," he said. "You know it as well as I do. I *am* Hobson Z. Jones and—"

"Z for what?" she said suddenly, to catch him.

"Z for nothing at all. Z to make it different. Theory of my father's. He's suffered through his life as Henry W. Jones, which is the name of every fifth man in the United States. When I came along he decided to spare me that. So he named me Hobson, after mother's family, and stuck in the Z to make it harder."

"Very ingenious, Mr. Shandon."

"Jones."

"Jones, if you like. I don't care. Let's dance."

"Listen," he said. "Let's pretend that I really am Hobson Jones, or a gigolo or an international crook or anything. Assuming that, may I tell you that you are the most wonderful—"

She unbent enough to wrinkle her nose at him.

"I need cigarettes," she said. "Let's go to the bar and get them so I won't have to wait."

Standing at the bar, Hobby saw that the man at his side was the gigolo with sideburns. Having finished a drink, the fellow got down off his high stool. He reached in his pocket for money. He produced a wallet.

There was a half-empty glass on the bar between Hobby and the gigolo. Hobby placed his elbow against it and pushed. Its contents splashed on the gigolo's sleeve.

"Ooop!" said Hobby. "Sorry!"

The man whirled, his eyes blazing. "Stu-peed! Pah!"

Mopping his sleeve with a handkerchief, the gigolo retired toward the stairs that led to the washroom.

"Why did you do that?" Faith Trant demanded.

"Accident, pure and simple."

He got her cigarettes and took her back to the table.

"Will you excuse me a moment?" he said.

There was a crack in the bosom of his shirt when he came up the stairs from the washroom. He rubbed the knuckles of his right hand. His face was flushed.

There was a frown on Faith Trant's forehead when he sat down.

"Faith," he said, "you are *the* most wonderful—"

"Mr. Shandon! Please!"

"Oop!" he said. "Getting ahead of myself."

From his pocket he produced a pigskin wallet. He laid it on the table, reached into his pocket again, and brought out a United States passport.

"Believe it or not," he said, "that so-and-so had my passport buttoned up in an inside vest pocket. Took me quite a while to find it. And can you imagine the crust of him? Pulling out my own wallet right under my nose!"

He opened the passport.

"Exhibit A," he said. "This photographic libel is meant to represent a fine, upstanding American lad named, as indicated by the signature, Hobson Z. Jones."

She leaned forward to look.

"And," he said in her ear, "you are *the* most wonderful girl I've ever laid eyes on."

Her hand did not try to escape.

THE END

# A FEW NOTES on Games

By DR. SEUSS

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### LEAPFROG AN AID TO BUSINESS

"Here in Borneo," writes Selznek the Pants King, "my pants are selling like hot cakes. Wherever I find youths wearing grass skirts I simply teach them the innocent game of leapfrog. After one leap the leapee is completely ungrassed, and my slogan, 'Selznek's Pants Are Leapfrog Proof,' does the rest."

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### THE TAG SITUATION IN THE FROZEN NORTH

"Up here," writes N. Pett of the World Tag League, "I find the Eskimo tots are badly equipped to enter the International Tag Championships next November. They only know the 'Inty, Minty, Dippity, Fig' system. I am explaining how the international 'it' will be chosen by 'Eeeny, Meeney, Miney, Moe.'"

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### IMPROVEMENT DUE IN CATS' CRADLES

"A cat's cradle that won't hold a cat is no cat's cradle at all," says F. Hasdrubal of the Better Cat's Cradle Bureau. "Every year thousands of kiddies try to put cats in cats' cradles. This breakage of kittens' necks and kiddies' hearts must cease! We will not rest until we have developed a cradle that will safely hold not only cats but also small dogs."

# Why American Mo

*The National Repeal Week poster of the W. O. N. P. R.*

## By MRS. CHARLES H. SABIN

President of the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform.

## *A Striking Indictment of the Evils of Prohibition and a Challenge to the Anti-Saloon League*

*(Reading time: 10 minutes 35 seconds.)*

IN forty years the Anti-Saloon League spent $67,000,000 in putting the prohibition law upon the statute books and controlling subsequent legislation.

That campaign made a strong emotional appeal to women. Women generally did not drink. Children scarcely knew that drink existed. Minors were not allowed in saloons. Saloons were not permitted near schools or public buildings. Throughout the nation there was a strong and growing temperance sentiment. But the saloon, an admitted evil, was still there. It harmed weak men. It filched from pay envelopes badly needed dollars. It was a menace for sons sent out into the world.

There grew up in this campaign an assumption that nearly all women—that vast body of newly enfranchised voters—favored prohibition. Undoubtedly a great majority did.

During recent years the Anti-Saloon League has continued to claim that all church women and all club women, as well as all members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, still demand that prohibition remain the law—the unenforced and unenforceable law—of the land.

A little more than three years ago seventeen women met in New York. We believed prohibition to be a ghastly failure. We were convinced that it was a menace to our homes, to our children, to public morals. We were sure, moreover, that it had promoted *in*temperance. We had confidence that women generally sensed these things and could be aroused to militant action for reform.

So we laid the foundations for the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform.

As recently as three years ago the idea that a group of women would fight *against* prohibition seemingly was startling. We were atttacked and abused by the intolerant. All the venom of the paid dry propagandists was heaped upon us.

But we campaigned steadily along the simple, clear, direct lines of women's interest in this issue.

The Anti-Saloon League still waves before fearful politicians the threat of 12,000,000 dry women voters who will oust any official declaring against prohibition or even conceding to the public a right to vote on the "sacred" issue. That is today an empty gesture. These paid lobbyists threaten with "twelve million paper women." We have proved that they cannot deliver this feminine vote: it is shifting to the side of reform.

Our membership already is one million women, at least triple that of the W. C. T. U., which, significantly, no longer announces membership totals.

We have gone into many local and Congressional elections in several states, and, regardless of party, have supported candidates who favored repeal. Results invariably have shown a mounting tide of rebellion against prohibition, including a heavy feminine vote. Women as a voting class cannot be lumped in the dry column.

We find that in essentials they have not changed. They still believe in temperance. As always, they are aroused politically chiefly by moral issues. Today, in voting against dry candidates, they are voting for temperance on a moral issue, and against the uncontrolled wetness which this disastrous experiment has brought about.

Now again their reactions are emotional and personal.

Prohibition did not banish liquor. It made liquor more important. Unexpectedly, drink took on a new social status. It came into the home. It became, somehow, a necessary adjunct to social gatherings. It was constantly talked about, joked about—at home, in the movies, at theaters, in books, everywhere.

The youth of America became "drink-conscious" as had no other generation of youth at any time in history.

The devout dry will not face this ominous fact and its inevitable future consequences. The devout dry is content with merely looking backward and trying to assess the blame. It is contended that the fault lay with the parents: liquor should not have come into the home, it should not have been discussed, and our children should have been brought up knowing nothing about it.

It is useless now to discuss what should have been if human nature had been quite other than it is. Human nature being what it is, the people, by a silent referendum, rejected prohibition, and drinking is not only still with us as a fact, but it exists in a more aggravated form

# hers *Demand* Repeal!

Acme photos

*Mrs. Sabin, as president, calls to order the W. O. N. P. R. convention. She has been president of the Women's National Republican Club, and in 1924 was a delegate to her party's National Convention. She is the wife of Charles H. Sabin, the banker.*

and closer to the home and family than ever before. We must face that fact.

Mothers know that today speakeasies are located next door to schools, homes, and public buildings. Nothing can be done about it. Close up one, and another opens near by. Quick furnishing of new locations has become an established, profitable business.

THESE places are open to minors, to youth generally, including our daughters. Girls of a generation ago would not have ventured into a saloon. Girls did not drink; it was not considered "nice." But today girls and boys drink, at parties and everywhere, then stop casually at a speakeasy on their way home.

Honest-intentioned women who still believe that prohibition prohibits, and that it should be given further trial for the sake of our children, who need its protection, must lead very sheltered lives if they doubt the conditions I have outlined. Nor do I see how they can be unaware of the fact that it is the glamour which attempted prohibition has thrown about drink which makes it seem so attractive to adventurous youth.

The consequences of all this we cannot measure yet, and we may not know all the consequences for a generation or two. But already the records of many cities show startling increases in arrests for drunkenness between the ages of seventeen and twenty-one, and in the proportion of girls arrested; and police officials everywhere are alarmed at the increase in juvenile crime and delinquency.

It is enlightening now to look at the beginnings of prohibition. Said the Anti-Saloon League: "At one minute past midnight a new nation will be born." From John F. Kramer, first prohibition commissioner: "We shall see

that liquor as a beverage is not manufactured, nor sold, nor given away, nor hauled in anything on the surface of the earth, or under the earth, or in the air." Senator Sheppard, father of the amendment in the Senate, added: "Use will cease and purchase will cease." And said Wayne B. Wheeler, head of the Anti-Saloon League, $5,000,000 would be enough for enforcement—and later the appropriation could be reduced.

But the old-fashioned saloon did not disappear: it merely became more numerous, unlicensed, uncontrolled —and coeducational! There are 22,000 speakeasies in Detroit, under the nose of Henry Ford who thinks prohibition is a success. A "speakeasy map" has been drawn of Washington, where our legislators vote dry and drink wet. It is quite a revelation.

The federal government has multiplied the enforcement appropriation tenfold, made the coast guard "the world's seventh largest navy," ruled that any citizen who carries a glass of beer across the street is a felon; it has permitted tapping of private telephone wires, search without warrant, trial without jury; it has substituted government spying for individual self-control —and our legislators have applauded unlawful killings.

Moreover, while our government completely "banishes" liquor, it carefully assesses no penalty for drinking; it brands the liquor dealer an outlaw, but insists on collecting income tax from him; it seizes speakeasy fixtures, but loaned to California grape growers $24,000,000, with which for twelve years they marketed "concentrates" for wine making; it exempts from the law fermentation of fruit juices in private cellars, and yet stands at the bedside of the pneumonia patient and says, "No more than one pint in ten days"; it demands high pure-food standards, and yet poisons alcohol which it is known will reach the public.

Acme photo

*Mrs. Anne O'Hagen Shinn and Mrs. Sabin at a meeting of the resolutions committee of the Democratic National Convention.*

MEANWHILE a Wickersham Report estimate of our annual drink bill is $2,800,000,000 a year. This estimate is based on a price of $2.75 a quart for liquor and fifty cents a gallon for beer—though I have been told that no such prices prevailed.

Competent economists estimate the present American drink bill at four to five billion dollars. The preprohibition peak was $1,817,000,000, including federal and state revenue taxes. While the fight for enforcement has become an absurdity, some contend that our drink bill has almost trebled.

The Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform is not advocating the use of liquor. We are for temperance. We do not "want liquor back." It is here. We are fighting the abuse of liquor. We are for control of it.

The women who advocated prohibition thought it would protect youth. It has harmed youth.

They thought it would strengthen weak character. It has given the weak greater opportunity for indulgence.

They thought prohibition would be as strong as the Constitution. Instead, the Constitution has been as weak as prohibition.

They thought it would bring prosperity. But prosperity is gone.

They thought it would end the league between crime, corruption, and liquor. But prohibition has financed crime. The lawless and criminal elements not only carry on their liquor business in defiance of the government, but also are able—in the words of Henry W. Anderson of the Wickersham Commission—"to organize and develop every line of criminal activity to an extent which threatens social and economic security."

It has come to this: We accepted almost as commonplace the fact that acknowledged criminals had grown to such prestige that they were employed when the organized forces of law failed to find the Lindbergh baby.

In the face of such conditions some tell us that we should be content with nullification.

Those who suggest this think of the membership of our organization as wets. They miss the point. *We* are the temperance party today. The W. C. T. U. stands for an attempt at legislated total abstinence, which has brought about *in*temperance. The former temperance organizations are in an unconscious and unholy alliance with the outlaw classes of the nation. That alliance should cease.

WE have been told also that economic considerations finally will bring about repeal. In loss of revenue and expenditures for enforcement, prohibition has cost our federal and state governments at least a billion dollars a year. Professor E. R. A. Seligman, one of the nation's leading economists, arrives at a computation of nearly a billion and a quarter.

For the Crusaders, an organization of men opposed to prohibition, C. T. Revere, another economist, estimates that if the present British tax rate were substituted for the 1919 American liquor excise rate, then repeal would mean an additional governmental income of $2,500,000,000 annually. These men think this sum, in this year of gigantic deficits, is large enough to make politicians lose some of their fear of the Anti-Saloon League, the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals, and their "twelve million paper women."

It may be that nullification will come faster than repeal, and that finally the economic depression will sway legislators; but the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform proposes to make its fight on the "*moral depression.*" For five years, or for fifty years.

As a mother, I welcomed prohibition for the sake of my children. Then, as time passed, I began to see its consequences. Also, it seemed to me, prohibition attempted to shift to the government something that was *my* job. Whether my boys drank, and whether they had strong characters, and the will to be temperate, was my job. They could not be legislated into goodness. The Puritans tried that. The modern theory is that character must be built through education and training of the individual; and that public morals can grow only from the right spirit in individuals. Through education and training of individuals we had become a temperate nation before prohibition, and we had respect for law.

Our organization believes the Eighteenth Amendment must be repealed. Liquor control must be reëstablished, based on local self-government—which can be effective for either regulation or prohibition. Thus the basic rights of self-government and respect for law can be restored. Then through education we must work again for temperance. This is a fight for good government.

We believe that any political party or candidate evading this issue will meet defeat.

THE END

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# Sometimes

## *The Story of a Discarded Husband and a Heaven-Sent Hunch*

*By*

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 35 seconds.)*

WHAT a meal! It was a dinner, and it cost twenty thousand dollars. There were twenty people at it, including the host. A thousand a head.

It was given by Mr. John Winston for his divorced wife and her husband.

I was at this feed, in a way. A sort of secondary way. I naturally would be, since I was one of the waiters standing round. I was a half-time servant in the John Winston home. He had found out two things: that I wouldn't accept a gift of money, and that I was working my head off for a college degree, so he gave me the snap job so I could get it. Also I believe he liked me.

Anyway, I was well broken in before he brought his young wife home. Was she pretty, that girl? She was rose petals, cream, and spun gold. All the old unbeatables. I was starting to go off my head about Madeline Winston when I got on to something. It lay between the eyes, I think, and round her mouth. That spoiled, touchy look. Take all and start whimpering. I got her just in time to grab hold of myself.

But Winston knelt down and worshiped her. That is, he knelt down when he could find the time. But he couldn't find much. Business man's dilemma. He wrapped up in his work tight as a broken arm, and she sobbing that he wouldn't learn to speak her language, that he was socially inadequate, that she was body-and-soul-starved. I actually caught her doing it, the big baby.

It wasn't long before she ran away to Europe with that writing chap, Gordon Deems. The Deems with the trick mustache. Winston had been fool enough to settle a fortune on her. It was the next week she hopped off. He got a divorce in record time, and she became Mrs. Deems. The Deemses knocked around Italy for a while. Now they were back in New York and Winston planning his dinner for them. I couldn't make it click.

A dinner's a ticklish thing. Winston was almost a social recluse. The world's best, but, I'll have to admit, awkward at functions. Stiff. And sensitive about it, too. Particularly after she rode him day and night. Now it looked like he wanted to let her into the house to stick more pins into him.

Winston told me that a caterer would take the whole thing in hand, bring his own cooks, waiters, butlers, and what nots. I was just to stick round as an extra.

"And I want you to enjoy yourself, Jimmy," he said. "Move about. Get a bird's-eye view of it all." And he threw me a funny look.

From that minute to the evening of the big date I never saw a man so swallowed up. His eyes were focused about a mile off, and his lips were moving like he was saying prayers.

He'd dine out, and come in at one or two or maybe three in the morning. I slog a lot at night on college work and I'd see him coming in. Business clothes always. His breath free of liquor. He'd ask for a glass of milk maybe, and crawl off to bed bone-tired.

When the day of the dinner came he went to his office as usual, but he got back early, and I had never known him to dress so carefully or to look so well in his tail coat. The whole get-up seemed to belong to him. It never had before. He looked happy in it—and that was new. I couldn't make it out.

He gave the house the once-over, then I caught him sitting down for a cigarette, a strange smile on his face.

Pretty soon the doorbell rang. The party was on. The guests, people I'd never laid eyes on before, brought a sort of gust of gayety in with them. Winston greeted them all as old friends he was overjoyed to see. Nothing boisterous on either side. Just easy, well bred, genuine enthusiasm, with a sort of thrill in it. Winston addressed them all by their first names. He was "John" or "Johnny" or "dear old Jonathan" to them.

By the time the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Deems, appeared the house was filled with a rush of easy talk and bursts of laughter. I got a good look at the ex-Mrs. Winston's face. Pained astonishment!

"HULLO, Madeline!" Winston cried. "Rare joy!" And he pressed Deems' hand with warm congratulations. This particular little scene was short, however. Other guests crowded in to meet Mr. and Mrs. Deems. The Deemses couldn't seem to catch the quick and crackling tempo. Too sudden for them. The corner of the writer's eye accused his wife: "This wasn't what you led me to expect, my dear."

Winston covered their silences with sallies of his own that a Bernard Shaw might have written home about. I'll swear Madeline's pupils widened like a cat's in the dark. Winston took her out to dinner, saying something lightly about the geography of the house being familiar to her. The geography may have been O. K., but she couldn't buck the climate. She looked like somebody lost in a fog.

Not for a split second did the conversation at the table droop or die. And nobody was pumping life into it either. The cleverest speeches were made by Winston. Deems goggled and twiddled his thumbs under the table.

By the time the birds were served the froth was off the talk and it got down to real stuff. The best I ever heard, or ever expect to hear, over any table. Moreover, it was that rare thing, general conversation. The drift was art, but it wasn't arty. Books, pictures, got some deft handling, but the subject settled at last on the stage. And there was at least one person there who knew it from its babyhood—a girl in white and silver, an ash blonde, with the loveliest eyes God ever made. The most provocative response was Winston's. For a time there, they sustained a sort of dialogue. And when this talk for two was over the dinner was over, except for the liqueurs.

# Wives *are* Wrong

While they were being sipped at, Winston remarked, with that new easy casualness of his, that he had seats for everybody at the opera if they cared to go. I looked at Madeline. She gave a sort of relieved gasp, as if somebody had hit her with a life preserver.

In fifteen minutes or so they were all gone. . . .

The next day everything was back where it was—except for the smell of flowers. No, that's not true. Winston was changed. He'd shed some sort of shell. But he didn't really open up to me, not for a week. Then it came out like something under pressure.

"What did you think of the dinner, Jimmy?"

"Never saw anything like it," I told him. "Never expect to again."

"You are probably right," he said. "That wasn't a dinner you witnessed, Jimmy."

"Smelled like a dinner," I said.

Winston laughed. "It was a play. Every word of it was written for that special performance by the greatest playwright we've got. Samuel Southwick. The only people on the outside were Mr. and Mrs. Deems and the waiters, including you. And the only amateur actor was myself."

"CALL yourself an amateur!" I said. "You've got as much technique as a snake charmer."

"For one night only I had it. And the work it cost me! Twenty thousand in money, and rehearsals that nearly broke my back. But, anyhow, I showed Madeline I could rate with a fellow like Deems."

There I had it. She'd jabbed him deep, and his comeback was to give her the jolt of her selfish life, probably. But how was I to know her sticker wasn't in him still? I didn't actually. Not for months. Then he came to me with a grin.

"Look at this," he said, and handed me a book. "Deems' latest. Advance copy."

I took it in my hand. The paper cover was putting my eyes out, so I opened it flat. Or maybe it opened itself to the place that was read last. I looked at the words on the page. Sentence after sentence, I was staring at the dinner conversation of Winston's big night. Winston produced a manuscript. He read aloud a dozen or more live phrases of the great Southwick as I followed them in Deems' book.

"What a memory that man's got!" Winston gasped.

"Memory nothing!" I said. "He's a good stenog. I saw him fiddling under the tablecloth. He brought a notebook."

"But why?"

"To collect extra-special dumbness."

I could have sawed my tongue off. Winston realized it, and said quickly: "That's all right, Jimmy. He came to scoff and remained to prey—with an *e*. And that gets Deems out of my system. Another thing. Maybe you remember a blonde in white and silver at that dinner."

"A king's eyeful," I told him. "All I want is another chance to look at her."

"You'll get it," he said. "You will indeed. She's just promised to wear the name that Madeline threw away."

Then musingly he added, "You know, Jimmy, I believe that to everybody comes at least one heaven-sent hunch. Mine was to stage a meal."

THE END

*NOT for a split second did the conversation at the table droop or die. The cleverest speeches were made by Winston.*

*Pictures by*
CHARLES DE FEO

*Pictures by*
W. D. STEVENS

# Miss Holland's ELOPEMENT

## *How the Finding of a Shoe Solved the Mystery of the Missing Woman and Sent a Philandering Monster to His Doom*

*(Reading time: 19 minutes 45 seconds.)*

THE police were discouraged. For five weeks of a late and cold spring they had been digging, digging, around an ancient farmhouse. The waters of the moat which gave the house its name—Moat Farm—were icy and black, and one man had almost been drowned in the flooded trench.

A moat suggests a dank and dismal place, from whose depths one might fish up old weapons or rotting bones. The searchers worked all day; their torches flared at night; they lived in discomfort, and after a while were derided by neighbors who came to watch. The lonely farm was in the English county of Essex; it was a gloomy spot, now under dark suspicion of crime.

The men found bones—the bones of animals—and someone discovered a battered skull which might have been there for a century or longer.

Then, at last, one of the diggers struck something hard. He scraped away the earth and saw a woman's shoe. It was a small shoe—size two and a half—and in it were the bones of the little foot it had been designed to cover. The shoe was made with care and lined with lamb's wool. Inside was stamped the word *Mold*.

The others came, and began—with great care—to clear away the hideous black slime. . . .

Meanwhile Scotland Yard detectives had been looking into the history of the Moat Farm and its owners.

. . . . . .

Miss Camille Holland had never had a husband.
And Mr. Herbert Dougal had never had enough money.
Now, Miss Camille Holland had enough money—easily enough for two, since she owned what would be equal today to seventy or eighty thousand

*By*
EDMUND PEARSON

# *A Dramatic Tale of Strange Clues*

*AT last one of the diggers struck something hard. It was a small shoe—size two and a half—and in it were the bones of the little foot it had been designed to cover.*

dollars. And Mr. Herbert Dougal was rather distinguished-looking, and extremely accomplished in the arts of courtship.

Therefore—the conclusion is plain. What Miss Holland and Mr. Dougal ought to do is much easier to say than it is to give the answer to the simplest equation in algebra.

First, as to Miss Holland—Miss Camille Cecile Holland—her peculiarities and her lonely life. She was easy game for a humorist—if you are that sort of humorist. W. S. Gilbert liked, in his operas, to describe her kind. He had a cruel defect in his humor: he thought it amusing to make fun of old maids. He nearly always introduced the type: the woman who could

> Easily pass for forty-three
> In the dusk, with a light behind her.

Miss Holland, this gentle little sentimental spinster, was actually about fifty-six. But, as one of her landladies observed, when she had completed her preparations for the day, had applied powder and a little rouge (lipsticks were then the mark of a scarlet woman), when she had carefully dressed her gold-tinted hair and put on all her extraordinary upholstery—why, then she looked years younger.

It would have horrified Miss Holland, but most of the details of her toilet are known. There was the landlady who often helped her get dressed. And there is the modern novelist, Miss Tennyson Jesse, a keen and sympathetic writer about real crimes. Miss Jesse has recorded her astonishment at the array of clothing. Six ladies of

today, even old ladies, she says, could be attired in what Miss Holland thought it necessary to wear.

Men always hasten to express their unfamiliarity with the topic. But I think it will be credited when I say that most of this list is mysterious to me. Miss Holland thought she was secure from drafts and chills when she went forth wearing a pair of " natural " woolen combinations, a pair of white linen combinations, steel-framed corsets, two pink woolen underbodices, black cashmere stockings, a pair of bloomers, and two petticoats.

Was there a dress over all this? I suppose so. (Neither of my authorities mentions it.) In addition, there was a " hair pad," a tortoise-shell comb, an elastic belt, and a bustle. Even the bustle was evidence of Miss Holland's chilly disposition, for, according to the landlady (Mrs. Henrietta Wisken was her name), it was " an unusual bustle—of a warm material."

Miss Holland got her shoes from a London maker. They were especially designed for her small and well formed feet; were size two and a half, lined with curly lamb's wool, and stamped inside with the name, the painfully prophetic name, of the maker. It was *Mold.*

There, now we have got Miss Holland dressed. Let's see who she was. She belonged to that perilous class described once by Sherlock Holmes: the drifting and friendless woman. Her money had come, by inheritance, from an aunt. She herself had a niece and a nephew or two, but seldom saw them. They were self-respecting people who did not wish to bother their well-to-do relative nor seem too eager about her health. She had always been mildly attractive; some gentleman was usually paying her little attentions. But that was all. There was a tender memory in her heart: a young naval officer, of whom she had been fond, was drowned, and Miss Holland still wore a ring taken from his dead hand.

*Miss Camille had a beau!*

She had a banker, who rarely saw anything of her except her signature. She took little trips now and then, but only a few people knew her at all, or what she looked like. These exceptions were the other boarders at her boarding house in Bayswater.

In 1898 these gossips were in raptures over a bit of news. Miss Camille had a beau! Actually, my dear! The housemaid had seen him, and the landlady, Mrs. Pollock, had seen him too. Miss Camille gave him tea in the drawing-room. And they had been out on walks together.

What *was* he like? Well, he was tall and well set up: military-looking. Evidently a retired officer; Miss Holland called him " the captain." He had a brown pointed beard and was quite distinguished. A traveler, plainly, and a man of the world. Fancy that, my dear! And Miss Camille! Did you ever?

Old Miss Nibbets, who was eighty-two, chuckled over her cup of arrowroot that evening and said to Mrs. Budge that *she* was not going to give up hope if a thing like this could happen to Miss Holland.

I DO not certainly know that Miss Nibbets and Mrs. Budge were their names, but think it possible. Into the romantic adventure of Captain Dougal and Miss Holland, in addition to Mrs. Wisken and Mr. Mold, there entered a Mr. Coote and a Mr. Turtle, as well as an ancient person called Old Pilgrim. So it seems that anything might happen in the Bayswater boarding house.

Mr. Dougal's first name was Samuel, but, always with an eye to what was dashing, he signed himself " S. Herbert Dougal." He spoke with a slight Irish brogue—realizing, probably, that a good-looking Irishman starts with an advantage in almost any lady's affections. The brogue, however, was as much assumed as the title of captain, for he was a true cockney, born within sound of Bow bells. It was modest in him to give himself no higher rank than captain, for he had actually been a sergeant with twenty-one years' service. And the popular belief (supported by Hollywood's profound conviction) is that a veteran sergeant knows enough of the art military, and the best methods of roaring commands at trembling privates, to win any war single-handed. The wonder is that Dougal did not call himself a field marshal.

Ex-Sergeant Dougal had served both at home and in Halifax, and his military record was perfect. Never an absence without leave, not an unpolished or unbuttoned button to tarnish his discharge papers. He had been in enjoyment of a pension.

But (he sighed to Miss Holland, as they walked together the leafy walks of Hyde Park) there was a shadow on his life. A dark shadow, which kept him from proposing marriage. A wife—an estranged, ungrateful, and pestiferous wife. His respect for the law—and he drew himself up as one whose respect for it passed all belief—his respect for the laws of his country prevented him from suggesting a marriage ceremony which would lead them into bigamy.

And twittering little Miss Holland was left, after these walks, to struggle with the temptation to agree to the suggestion that he did make.

She was fed up with the boarding house, with old Miss Nibbets and the rest. An elopement with this handsome devil—it *would* be exciting!

JUST as Dougal had been modest in awarding himself no higher honorary rank than captain, so he had been reticent about a number of his accomplishments. His discharge from the army (signed by a colonel—believe it or not—named Mainguy) stated that the sergeant had the qualifications of " a very good clerk." This, of course, includes skill with a pen, and Mr. Dougal thought well of his ability with that dangerous weapon. He could, for instance, when he had time, make other people's signatures—almost as well as they could do it themselves.

Employed in a military hospital in Dublin after his army days were over, he came across some checks signed by the major general in command—no less a person than Lord Frankfort of Montmorency. There were also some signed by the eminent Lord Wolseley, commander in chief. Now checks which these generals denied got abroad, and one, for thirty-five pounds, was cashed in London. A jury decided that Dougal was responsible, and he was sentenced for a year, and also lost his pension.

It was at least the third time that he had been before a court since he had returned to civil life. The other two juries, however, had been impressed by his good record in the army as well as by his eloquence, and they had let him go.

Naturally Mr. Dougal did not mention these adventures to Miss Holland as they ate their muffins and tea in Mrs. Pollock's drawing-room. His was a nature far above thoughts of money, so he said, after he had tried (and failed) to get Miss Holland to reinvest all her securities in his name.

Nor did he say anything to her about his love affairs—other than this one unfortunate circumstance of the impossible wife. This is not surprising. There would not have been time to do the subject justice—not unless they had walked round and round Hyde Park until they dropped from exhaustion. The tale needed three volumes—like Frank Harris's My Life and Loves.

To give it in the briefest form, it included a wife who had died very suddenly in Halifax. Dougal attributed the death to oysters. By some curious military custom, he was permitted to bury her next day. He went back to England and returned with a new wife, who died in two months. Oysters again. And again a prompt burial.

Then, about to leave the army, he persuaded a young Nova Scotian to return to England with him without the formality of a marriage. She left him after about a year, and went back to Halifax with her baby. In Eng-

land there were other unsanctified associations with various widows and maidens; a third marriage, in Ireland, to Miss Sarah White (the "shadow" of whom he told Miss Holland), and an illicit acquaintance with one Miss Booty. This lady's name seems to have suggested something to him, for she haled him into court, charging him with stealing her property. He replied with a countercharge that Miss Booty had robbed him of an incubator. The case came to nothing.

These were a few of his adventures up to the time he made the acquaintance—nobody knows how—of Miss Holland. No one knows all his exploits; the most resolute investigators have never attempted to catalogue all his children, born in or out of wedlock. If he did not let them be any expense to him, they certainly did not contribute to his support. In spite of his twirling cane and his swanky appearance, he was flat broke when he met the little old maid of Bayswater.

How he wheedled this cautious and mature virgin into such an adventure is a deep mystery. No slightest indelicacy had ever stained her career. She was religious, even rather pious, and had lived hedged about by rigid propriety. Yet here she was—vanishing into strange regions with this Bluebeard.

FIRST, like many elopers, they went to a place near Brighton. They took a house—and Miss Holland paid the rent. The ex-sergeant, however, wished to be a landlord, and negotiated the purchase of Coldhams Farms in Essex. It was Dougal himself who gave it its new name of the Moat Farm. There certainly was a moat, and one had to cross it by a bridge.

Over £1,500 of Miss Holland's money was paid for the property, and Mr. Dougal had himself named as owner. This deed, however, was torn up by Miss Holland, and a new one was executed in her own name. She was giving away her heart and hand, but did not intend to endow her lover with all her worldly goods.

While the farm was being made ready for its new owners, Miss Holland took her household furniture out of storage — piano, pictures, linen, and plate. For three months before moving to their home, the pair, calling themselves Mr. and Mrs. Dougal, lived in the neighboring town of Saffron Walden. Here they lodged with and conferred undying fame upon Mrs. Wisken.

This kind-hearted woman liked both her tenants and thought them to be what they appeared to be, affectionate married people possessed of complete respectability. She talked with them both and learned much, but by no means everything, about them. Mr. Dougal was polite to Mrs. Wisken's canary, and she, in turn, was very fond of Miss Holland's little dog, Jacko.

You probably could have knocked Mrs. Wisken over with a feather had you told her that her acquaintance


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*dinner with . . .*

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**SPAGHETTI**

***READY TO SERVE***

with the Dougals was to lead her into some very gruesome experiences: cause her to spend days in attendance upon courts; blazon her name in all the newspapers of the land; get her examined and cross-examined by bewigged barristers; and plunge the Wiskens into a celebrity which should endure from generation unto generation.

Of all that quartet there now remains visible only little Jacko, and he is stuffed and under glass for visitors to admire.

One day in April Dougal and Miss Holland, in a carriage driven by the laborer Old Pilgrim, left Saffron Walden and entered into possession of the Moat Farm. Their life there lasted three weeks. They had three different servants in that short time; the second was named Lydia Faithful, but even she stayed only a week. The third was Florence Havies, who had no sooner arrived than she found that "the master's" attentions were far too urgent to be agreeable. In fact, when he tried to break into her room at night, she took refuge with Miss Holland, and for the few remaining days that she stayed she refused to be alone on the place with Dougal.

On May 19 Miss Holland and Dougal drove away; to "go into the town and do a little shopping," said Miss Holland. Nobody ever saw her again. Dougal returned a few hours later, and—to the alarm of the servant—he returned alone.

"Where is the mistress?" said she.

"Oh, she's gone to London."

"What? Gone to London and left me here alone?"

"Yes, but never mind. She's coming back and I'm going to meet her."

Florence, who was a young girl, had only stayed on at Miss Holland's request, and she now felt herself deserted. She spent the night locked in her own room, sitting, fully dressed, by the window, ready to get out that way if anything happened. Dougal was in and out of the house most of the night, absenting himself for long periods and returning to report that "Mrs. Dougal had not returned" by this or that train. He pretended that he had been driving to the station. In fact, he had other and more urgent business, nearer the house. The girl was too much terrified to care what he was doing as long as he stayed away from her.

In the morning her mother—to whom she had written the day before—came and took Florence away. Mrs. Havies told Dougal exactly what she thought of his conduct, demanded and received a month's wages for her daughter and railway fares for both, and departed from Moat Farm.

THERE now began one of the most curious events in the history of these two people: Dougal's four years' residence at the farm. It was, in a way, a haunted place. There were Miss Holland's piano and music, pictures, linen, clothes, watch, and jewelry. The few who made any inquiry were told that "Mrs. Dougal" was traveling, or that she was yachting. The real Mrs. Dougal arrived promptly on the day after Miss Holland's disappearance. Her husband had told her that he had been "managing an estate for an old lady" who was now "away."

He continued to manage the estate rather profitably for himself. In a few days Miss Holland's London banker received a letter in which Miss C. C. Holland requested a new check book. It was sent to her at the Moat Farm. There followed a check made out to Dougal for thirty pounds. The banker wrote to Miss Holland:

Your signature appears to differ from that with which we are acquainted. I shall be obliged if you will kindly confirm the same by signing it afresh in your usual manner.

He was reassured by a letter:

Dear Sir: Cheque to Mr. Dougal quite correct. Owing to a sprained hand there may be a discrepancy in some of my cheques lately signed.

Yours truly,
CAMILLE C. HOLLAND.

The banker's mind was now quite at rest. So, apparently, was Miss Holland's. Orders arrived from her selling four hundred shares of George Newnes, Ltd., forty-three shares of Great Laxey Mines, and £500 worth of United Alkali Co. Later in the same year Miss Holland withdrew over £600 from her London bank, and Mr. Dougal deposited the same amount to his own credit at another bank. This happened until Mr. Dougal had a bank account of nearly £3,000. When there was a delay in the conveyance of the Moat Farm, Miss Holland (who still remained on her mysterious yachting trip) sued for her rights and got a favorable settlement. Out of gratitude to her manager, she made over the farm to Mr. S. Herbert Dougal.

That gentleman was now living the life of the far-famed Riley. One of his first cares was to get Old Pilgrim to fill in an unsightly ditch near the house. It was completely filled and covered with many loads of earth.

DOUGAL became a sort of local magnate, an all-round, hearty, genial fellow, frequenting the public houses, and always ready and eager to stand treat; full of jests and boisterous conversation. He was something of a sportsman, fond of shooting. Hitherto he had been a cyclist, but now he bought an automobile, which, as the first in that region, amazed and interested everyone.

He described his place in a letter as "a jolly English home." Mrs. Dougal came and went, but finally found the place a trifle too jolly and departed with one of the laborers. There was a succession of servants, some of whom rejected, while some accepted, the attentions which "the master" had tried to force upon Florence Havies. How far the stories about Dougal's conduct during these four years are to be accepted as fact, and where they become legend and gossip, it is hard to say. There is no doubt that the master of Moat Farm got into serious legal complications with one or two of his maidservants.

Today if someone walking in the country happens upon a gentleman giving a girl a bicycle lesson, the girl wearing no clothes whatsoever, the intruder realizes that he has happened upon a colony of "nudists"—and withdraws, pleased that this generation is one of so much innocence. In the early 1900s people were still evil-minded. They thought that these goings-on within the precincts of Moat Farm were simply "not nice."

Mr. Dougal could not keep out of the courts. He sued his wife for divorce (apparently there were no oysters to be had) and he resisted a court order for the support of a child born to one of the servants. In 1902, when Miss Holland's yachting expedition had lasted for three years, there began to be unpleasant rumors. Why were her clothes still at Moat Farm? Where was she, anyhow? The local police and the Scotland Yarders began to consult and confer and to call upon Dougal. He received them genially and invited them to look about. They did so, and departed with the best of feeling all round.

Then a check for twenty-eight pounds, signed "Camille C. Holland," was shown to her nephew, who said that it was certainly not in his aunt's writing.

Mr. Dougal, after all his wanderings and his many triumphs, was destined to begin the downward journey in a conspicuous place. While in London, partly for business and partly for pleasure, he called at the Bank of England to change some notes. They were notes for which the police were looking, and Dougal was arrested for forgery. On his way through the streets with a detective, he tried to bolt. Unluckily he chose a blind alley

*NEXT WEEK—*

The Private Life of Barbara Stanwyck

From an orphan asylum to one of the screen's brightest stars, she fought for happiness and found it with her husband

*By*

*Clara Beranger*

Also stories and articles by
Philip Wylie—Louis Howe—George S. Brooks — Penrhyn Stanlaws — Lowell Thomas—Ginty Beynon—Ethel Borden Harriman

and was soon recaptured. When the police searched him they found in his pockets £564, seven rings, five watches, pins, brooches, a pawn ticket, two pairs of eyeglasses, and six moonstones, together with other things, like pens, knives, pipe and pouch, which a man usually carries. One of the rings was that belonging to Miss Holland's dead sweetheart.

Now for weeks the newspapers discussed "The Mystery of Moat Farm." The digging began. People began to see Miss Holland everywhere, and many innocent old ladies were annoyed. Wizards, clairvoyants, and dowsers told how to find the body. Dougal, from his cell, threatened the Essex constable with a suit for damages: he did not like to have his grounds excavated and despoiled.

At last they found what remained of poor Miss Holland —hardly more than a skeleton, but clad in the garments which were recognized by the horrified Mrs. Wisken. Mr. Mold, the bootmaker, had no doubts of his handiwork. There lay the real owner of Moat Farm, where she had lain ever since that evening when Dougal had taken her out to drive, shot her, and buried her in the ditch.

Dougal denied everything, and carried on a lively correspondence with many ladies. Some of these were merely sympathetic friends; others had just cause to reproach him, but none of them seems to have done so. His top note was reached in a letter just before his trial:

I dare say the girls have received their notices to attend next Monday . . . have they not ?

He referred to the trial. Then he continued:

There will be several from about there, and it would be a good idea to club together and hire a trap and drive all the way. It is a delightful drive through undulating country, and . . . would be a veritable treat for them all.

This sounds like an idyllic picnic rather than a plan to attend a murder trial. When it is further realized that the accused man is laying out the program, and that the participants, or many of them, were the mothers or prospective mothers of his children, most of us will give up seeking for adjectives to describe Mr. S. Herbert Dougal.

The defense was that the body was not that of Miss Holland, or, if it was, perhaps she committed suicide and thoughtfully buried herself in the moat. When Dougal had to make his final appeal to the king, he admitted the killing and said that it was accidental. But when at last he stood upon the trap, an officious chaplain twice called upon him to confess. "Dougal, are you guilty or not guilty?"

The executioner waited for an instant, and in that instant Dougal turned his head to the chaplain and said: "Guilty!"

---

*This is the second real-life mystery in Strange Clues, the series by Mr. Pearson. Others will appear from time to time.*

# TWENTY QUESTIONS

**Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.**

1—What is a rodomontadist?
2—Under what charter is the American Red Cross organized?
3—Of what theater was Shakespeare part owner?
4—What was the first book published in the English language?
5—What game of cards was popular during the reign of Charles II?
6—What is vegetable ivory?
7—The bulbs of what flower are eaten in China and Japan?
8—The sweet pea is a native of what country?
9—Who discovered vitamins?
10—Who discovered X rays?
11—What is a cinchona?
12—What is a howler?
13—What is a fugleman?
14—What English queen had seventeen children?
15—Of what is one form of isinglass made?
16—What is the notable peculiarity of certain species of shrikes?
17—Which state capital in the United States has the largest population?
18—What states were admitted to the Union during the Civil War?
19—What are cracklings?
20—What is barm?

*(Answers will be found on page 38)*

What kind of acid causes decay in teeth?

*(See page 38 for the answer)*


**When the picnic's over . . . ACID *begins to dine!***

AFTER you've finished eating, small particles of food are left in the mouth — in crevices between the teeth, and where teeth meet gums. As they ferment, bacteria multiply. Some create acid, which may begin at once to gnaw at your teeth.

Don't give germ-acid a chance! Protect your teeth by regular brushing with SQUIBB DENTAL CREAM.

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# A Sa
# SUR

*Charles Laughton, Another Submarine Picture; Sorcery, Military Schoolboy Film*

*Gary Cooper, Charles Laughton, and Tallulah Bankhead, principals in the melodramatic film, Devil and the Deep.*

*The doctor (Conrad Nagel) and the beautiful patient (Doris Kenyon) appear against a background of South Sea islands in The Man Called Back.*

By FREDERICK

*(Reading time: 7 minutes 44 seconds.)*

ONE of the surprises of the screen year is Charles Laughton, who makes his film début in Devil and the Deep.

His employers, the Paramount Studios, look upon him as another Emil Jannings; but, realizing the danger of this sort of advance publicity, they decided to drop Laughton "cold" upon the movie public.

He does give a remarkable performance in Devil and the Deep. Although not as tall, Laughton is built along the generous Jannings lines. He was born in England in 1899; his father was a hotel keeper; he has a strong English accent; and he was on the British stage for some years. Last winter he made a hit on Broadway in Payment Deferred.

Next you will see this Jannings-with-a-Piccadilly-accent as Nero in Cecil De Mille's own private Rome of The Sign of the Cross.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ½ DEVIL AND THE DEEP

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Pauline Sturm | Tallulah Bankhead |
| Lieutenant Semper | Gary Cooper |
| Commander Sturm | Charles Laughton |
| Lieutenant Jacques | Cary Grant |
| A Lieutenant | Gordon Westcott |
| Hassan | Paul Porcasi |
| Mrs. Planet | Juliette Compton |
| Mr. Planet | Arthur Hoyt |
| Mrs. Crimp | Dorothy Christy |
| Hutton | Henry Kolker |

Directed by Marion Gering.
Produced by Paramount.

The insanely jealous commander of a British submarine decides to sink his craft, thereby killing himself, his wife, and his lieutenant, who loves his wife. A melodramatically exciting moment; for the lieutenant, the wife, and the crew escape by means of artificial deep-sea lungs, while the commander, now utterly mad, dies alone in his battered ship resting on the bottom of the Mediterranean.

The movie makers take great pains in showing the wife's extenuating circumstances in seeking a lover. Her husband's jealousy goads her to desperation; the background is northern Africa pulsating to the music of nautch dancers; the night sky is vibrant with desert stars; the man is Gary Cooper.

Unfortunately, the wife is Tallulah Bankhead, who, it seems to me, is completely cold and unsympathetic.

Mr. Cooper is almost equally cold. The real honors go to Charles Laughton for his amazing performance of the husband slowly going mad before your eyes.

★ WHITE ZOMBIE

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Murder | Bela Lugosi |
| Madeline | Madge Bellamy |
| Dr. Bruner | Joseph Cawthorn |
| Beaumont | Robert Frazer |
| Neil | John Harron |
| Silver | Brandon Hurst |
| Pierre | Dan Crimmins |
| Chauvin | John Peters |

Directed by Victor Halperin.
Produced by United Artists.

A Zombie, in Haiti voodoo lore, is a corpse revived by a sinister influence and endowed with action wholly at the command of its evil master.

This sorcerer seizes upon the pretty sweetheart of an American. The frantic attempts to save the girl are revealed before a background of ghastly lock-stepping Zombies. If you do not get a shock out of the thriller, you will get one out of the acting. It would worry even a Zombie.

# reen

# PRISE

*annings, Makes Debut in he South Sea Isles, and a nong Current Talkies*

*White Zombie gives us two villains. Robert Frazer and Bela Lugosi. Madge Bellamy is the love interest.*

*Tom Brown at Culver, a film for the younger male sex, shows life in a military school. Tom Brown (titular lead) and Sidney Toler appear above.*

## AMES SMITH

★ THE MAN CALLED BACK

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Dr. David Yorke | Conrad Nagel |
| Diana St. Claire | Doris Kenyon |
| St. Claire | John Halliday |
| Vivien Lawrence | Juliette Compton |
| Dr. Atkins | Reginald Owen |
| Lilaya | Mona Maris |
| King's Counsel | Alan Mowbray |
| Defense Counsel | Gilbert Emery |
| Rosie | Mae Busch |
| Corlis | John T. Murray |
| Secretary | Edgar Norton |
| Mr. Cartright | Lionel Belmore |
| Mrs. Cartright | Clarissa Selwynne |
| Judge | Winter Hall |
| Mrs. Sanderson | May Beatty |

Directed by Robert Florey.
Produced by Tiffany.

An emotional and highly unconvincing movie full of plot. A brilliant surgeon, gone to the South Seas to forget, falls in love with a beautiful woman. With new hope, he returns to London, where he discovers that the man who is helping him is the husband of the inspiration. Then the author has the husband die under questionable circumstances and the widow arrested for murder.

These highly hectic rôles of the surgeon and the wife are given to two of the most placid players in Hollywood, Conrad Nagel and Doris Kenyon. Their polite performances shade John Halliday as the husband.

★ TOM BROWN AT CULVER

CAST

| | |
|---|---|
| Tom Brown | Tom Brown |
| Dr. Brown | H. B. Warner |
| Slim | Slim Summerville |
| Major Wharton | Sidney Toler |
| Doctor | Russell Hopton |
| Call Boy | Andy Devine |
| Ralph | Ben Alexander |
| Captain White | Willard Robertson |
| Bob Randolph | Richard Cromwell |
| Carruthers | Norman Phillips, Jr. |
| John | Tyrone Power, Jr. |

Directed by William Wyler.
Produced by Universal.

Having exhausted the movie possibilities of West Point and Annapolis for the moment, the film producers have turned to Culver. Here you see the cadets at drill, making their beds, in their mess hall, at reveille. The story concerns the orphaned son of a war hero who is adopted by a Legion post and sent to the academy against his will. Just as he gets the spirit of Culver, his father, who had been reported dead, turns up, a shell-shocked, embittered deserter.

Like other stories of this type, this is limited by the restrictions of the institution granting access to its portals. However, Tom Brown and the other boys give clean-cut performances, and the film is entertaining. This is a story of boys.

### *Do you know that—*

Ann Harding will appear in The Animal Kingdom with Leslie Howard?

### *Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months*

★★★★—Grand Hotel, Congress Dances, One Hour with You, Shanghai Express.

★★★—Congorilla, A Successful Calamity, The First Year, What Price Hollywood, Strange Interlude, American Madness, Red-Headed Woman, Bring 'Em Back Alive, Winner Take All, The Dark Horse, As You Desire Me, State's Attorney, Letty Lynton, Scarface, The Mouthpiece, The Wet Parade, But the Flesh Is Weak, Are You Listening? So Big, The Crowd Roars, The Beast of the City, It's Tough to Be Famous, Tarzan, Lost Squadron, Polly of the Circus, A Waltz by Strauss, Road to Life, The Man Who Played God, Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin.

*In Which the Red Herring Becomes the Scene of Several Surprises and a Girl Falls into the Arms of a Lawbreaker*

# The Dog & A

*(Reading time: 35 minutes 2 seconds.)*

*THE American-born Princess Weissenthurm, supporter of an impending revolution in Albania, has been sent by H. Vassilikides to Captain Peter Wilde in London for aid in securing machine guns. With her comes her equerry, Colonel von Steydel. Despite the fact that his fiancée, Norah, is the daughter of Sir Nigel Steventon, Customs Chief, Wilde and his partner, Commander Conway, agree to run eighteen guns to San Giovanni. Wilde later discovers that von Steydel's loyalty to the princess is doubtful. The captain, his soldier-servant, Richards, Conway, and von Steydel go to a warehouse to inspect the guns. Wilde has just said that they will be shipped the following day on his boat, Red Herring, when the party is confronted by a police sergeant and three constables. Wilde overpowers the constable left to guard them, and, surprising the others busy dismantling the guns, orders them to put their hands up.*

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

THE police sergeant did move, but not as quickly as Sergeant Richards. The struggle was brief. The officer's hands went up and left his weapon in Richards' powerful fist.

"Did yer 'ear there?" Richards rapped out as if he were addressing a parade. "Up with them 'ands, or you'll get it."

Wilde strolled out and relieved Richards of the revolver.

"Richards, double along to the office with my compliments to Commander Conway, and ask him to bring his company along here, ek dum."

As Richards jumped for the vanway, the police sergeant dropped his hands and commenced to speak, but a gesture from Wilde sent his hands up again.

"I don't like killing policemen," Wilde announced deliberately, "but I am ready to abandon that prejudice without notice."

Not one of the three moved more than their eyes as he moved slowly round to their rear.

"Now, sergeant, walk ahead to that wall, and stop there."

The sergeant walked.

"Now, you others. Smart's the word! That's better. Now you can all stand easy. But remember—not a move."

Here Richards came doubling back ahead of Conway.

"Richards, search those men and see if you can find any handcuffs. Keep low, so that I can shoot if required."

Conway propelled his policeman up to the wall with his revolver. Von Steydel stood and gazed from Wilde to the police and back again, and exclaimed:

"But what is all this? What has been happening?"

"One pair of 'andcuffs only, sir," Richards reported.

"Now find some rope," ordered Wilde. "Colonel, do you mind standing over there where I can see you better? I'm feeling a little jumpy and wouldn't like you to get hurt by mistake. Thanks, Mike, just shove those bracelets on the sergeant, then give Richards a hand with the rope."

In a few minutes Conway and Richards had the four police standing with hands fastened behind them and facing Wilde. The colonel sat himself down and lighted a cigar.

"Now we can talk in comfort," Wilde stated, blinking round at them all. "Richards, what's the damage to the guns?"

"Two with the actions smashed, sir—an' if you'd 'a' bin five minutes later a-comi there'd 'a' bin four washouts."

"What's the good bothering about the damned guns?" brok in Conway. "This is where we buzz off while the buzzing good, it seems to me."

"I approve of that suggestion," seconded von Steyd "There may be more policemen along here at any moment."

"That is certainly so!" shouted the police sergeant. "Ther are more police coming."

"Mike," said Wilde, "I'm surprised at you. Did you eve see policemen with manicured nails, white hands, copy-b accents—and belts on upside down? Be still, all of you!"

Wilde stepped up to one of the constables, tore open his t and pulled it down over his shoulders. Sewn into the insi the collar, beneath the loop, was a large white label: W. C son. Theatrical Costumier.

"Well, I'm damned!" exclaimed Conway.

*"Commander," said the princess dryly, "as gun-running seems to have acquired another recruit, we had better make that dinner a foursome."*

# THE DOG

By

## FRANK E. VERNEY

*Pictures by*
KENNETH FULLER CAMP

"Now then, gentlemen," said Wilde, dropping back to a position which gave his prisoners an unimpeded view of the muzzle of his revolver. "Don't all speak at once, but what, precisely, is this all about?"

Two of them stared at him obstinately, the third laughed, and the one with the sergeant's stripes on his arm answered, "Find out for yourself."

"I will," Wilde agreed calmly. "Richards, get one of those pails and hot it up on that brazing gadget. We'll see what that will do to stimulate conversation."

"But this is absurd," von Steydel interrupted. "If these men really are not policemen, but only private enemies of yours, release them out, and let us get on with our business. There are only sixteen guns, and you can perhaps repair the damaged ones."

But Wilde was watching Richards apply the blue flame of a gas brazer to one end of a long thin crowbar. And so were the others.

"That should do the trick excellently," he commented. "Make it red hot, then bring it here." Turning to his partner, he went on with a sort of restrained ferocity: "Mike, I think we'll commence on the gent who dotted you one so gratuitously. Bring him out here, and lay him down face upward. We might begin on one of his ears—I notice they are rather large."

Conway, who had caught the flicker of Wilde's right eyelid, walked slowly up to the now horrified "policeman."

"His ears are very convenient, but, if you remember, we've always got the quickest results from the eyes."

Reaching out suddenly with one of his enormous hands, he jerked the struggling man from the wall, kicked his legs from beneath him, and sat heavily on his chest.

Colonel von Steydel jumped up. "I protest. I do not know what act of carelessness on your part has caused this incident. It is enough that it has occurred. I cannot consent to you torturing these men, and if you persist I shall deposit papers cancel."

Wilde firmly restored him to his seat on the wood battens.

"My dear colonel," he drawled, "why this thusness? I am sure that a mere matter of an eye or an ear is of little consequence to Albania, and these gentlemen will only have themselves to thank if they each lose one. You must recollect that gun-running is a most brutalizing profession. As you are dabbling in it, you must see it through. Richards, how are you getting on?"

THE colonel's retort was lost in a sudden exchange of emphatic remarks between the prisoners in a language which was outside Wilde's linguistic repertoire. The man under Conway gasped a few sentences, and the sergeant flung a staccato remark in the direction of Wilde and von Steydel.

"That'll do," ordered Wilde. "Any further conversation will be conducted in English, which you all talk as well as I do. Once more—who are you?

"No answer? Splendid. We'll try the corkscrew."

Richards advanced, holding in front of him three feet of steel tipped with a vindictive red.

"Where'll you 'ave it, sir? In 'is hear-'ole did you say, or in 'is heyeball?"

"Commander Conway will show you. Begin slowly, and don't push it right into his head before he's got the full benefit of it."

"Here you are," Conway directed, seizing his victim's head in both hands, and twisting it round. "Commence on this flap. Just burnish the edges."

As the hot iron got near the threatened spot, two voices spoke at once, one from Richards' target and one from the "police sergeant."

"Ease up a moment, Mike," called out Wilde. "Did you say something, gentlemen?"

"We will tell you," the sergeant snapped. "We are here at the orders of our government. I am military attaché to the Albanian embassy. Now please have the goodness to remove these things," shaking his handcuffs angrily, "and also release my friends."

"Steady a moment," Wilde warned him. "Who are your friends? Are they also from the Albanian embassy?"

*"I'm not here on a social visit," returned Penton. "I'm here on business. Customs business. Does that convey anything to you?"*

"That one on which your hairy rascal is sitting is second secretary," was the indignant retort. "And the others are of the porters' staff. You shall answer for this outrage."

"And what were the orders of your government? Mike, you can let the second secretary assume a sitting position."

"That is obvious, one would suppose," the attaché re-

plied. "To make these guns useless to those you serve. I regret we have not succeeded."

"Who put you on our track?" demanded Conway.

The attaché made no reply.

"Richards, just hot up that iron again, will you?"

Von Steydel rubbed out the end of his cigar on the timber, coughed, and announced coolly:

"The information came from me. My friend Major Yeniz and his party are here on my instructions. Unfortunately, they were premature in their entrance."

Conway sat down on the seat vacated by von Steydel, and held his aching head.

"Strike me pink, I give it up," he murmured.

Wilde's reaction to the extraordinary admission was to purse his lips and whistle several bars of the Blue Danube.

"I am glad you take my disclosure so sensibly, Captain Wilde," said von Steydel. "I will now explain. His Highness the prince, whom I have the honor to serve, has no wish that the present situation in Albania be disturbed. It has been left to me to employ tactful means to prevent the arrival of these guns in Albania without the knowledge of her Highness. Do I make myself clear to you?"

"Absolutely," said Wilde. "You make quite a lot of things clear. One Vassilikides with a bribe, for instance. I suppose that if you'd had a little advance information, you'd have sent along the real police and soldered up the proposition that way?"

"That at one time was my intention," von Steydel admitted blandly, "but it involved certain complications I had the need to avoid. You will appreciate that I do not desire her Highness or myself or Albania to be enmeshed in an affair of this description. There are too many issues. Captain Wilde, I do not care what you do with these guns, but they must not go to Giovanni. You have had four thousand pounds. I shall give you the other four thousand to consider the matter closed."

"And presuming I don't?"

THE colonel considered the question.

"I cannot imagine you being so foolish as to refuse eight thousand pounds for nothing. But if you should—I must rely upon the expedient of intercepting your boat at Giovanni. Should that be successful, the bank, of course, will not pay you the amount of the deposit."

"And supposing I trot along now and inform her Highness of this conversation?"

Von Steydel yawned. "My dear Captain Wilde, is her Highness likely to accept such a statement about her equerry from a man of your profession as anything but an ingenious excuse?"

"I suppose not," agreed Wilde, looking at his watch and yawning also. "Mike, wake up. Richards, just untie these gentlemen."

"I thought you would take a sensible view of the position," declared the colonel with satisfaction. "It is unfortunate that I did not risk taking you into my confidence at our first interview."

"It is," Wilde said, "most unfortunate; but misfortunes never come singly. Mike, just stand over there, will you? You gentlemen will now assist in packing the guns. Richards, fall in the fatigue party, and put them through it. Mike, I'm afraid you and I will have to stop and boss the show. Just open the breech of that gun of yours and make sure it's got its rations."

"But what is this?" cried the colonel.

Richards caught him by the shoulder and slung him on to the bales of wood shavings. "Lay 'old o' one of them, Jerry, an' don't talk so much."

"And you," said Conway, cheerfully digging the second secretary in the ribs with the muzzle of his Webley, "go thou and do likewise."

"*Schweinehund!*" cried von Steydel recovering himself and swinging round on Richards. "How dare you put your hands on me! Captain Wilde, what means this—" But a bale of packing, neatly dislodged from the pile by Conway, struck him immediately behind the knees and sat him abruptly down, with spatted ankles in the air. Here the big Albanian attaché picked up a hammer and flung it with all his force at Wilde and at the same


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time spat out a command to the rest of his party, and leaped for Conway's back. The heavy hammer missed Wilde and struck the second secretary in the stomach, doubling him up like a shock absorber.

Conway wheeled in time to close both his arms around the charging attaché in a mighty hug. Neither of the other Albanians moved, for Wilde's blue eyes were blinking at them over his revolver, and Richards, with a big spanner in his hand, hovered near, looking for something to trepan.

Wilde inspected his now attentive audience. "Anybody else prefer suicide to honest work? What! No one? Well, you disappoint me, rather. I dislike nursing a gun for nothing. But if any of you change your minds I'll oblige you without notice. Have you all got that?"

"We shall do as you wish."

"Thank you," said Wilde. "You most certainly will. All of you. Mike, you may now uncuddle your sweetie. Carry on, Richards."

In a few minutes he had the whole party at work, dismounting machine guns from tripods, unbaling wood shavings, and carrying both to the Ford case.

Commander Conway, who was looking very yellow from the results of the heavy blow on his head, sat on the edge of a wood bench with his pistol in general direction of operations.

There was at first a definite lack of enthusiasm for the job in hand, but Richards and Conway dealt with this by piling the heaviest labor on to the most reluctant hands, and by various other ingenious methods of coercion known to naval officers and army sergeants.

"Now, gentlemen," said Captain Peter Wilde when eighteen British machine guns (two defective) had gone to cover as one Ford tractor, and the last nail was in the last batten, "to make sure that you have no further opportunity of mingling your politics with my business, we will load her Highness's dressing case on to yonder velocipede." Straightening his weary back, moving his tie from the back of his neck, and angrily plucking fragments of wood shavings from his clothing, von Steydel demanded:

"Am I to presume that when we have done this you will end this abominable proceeding, and allow us to depart from this place?"

"Honored sir and double-crosser in chief," answered Wilde serenely, "you are to presume anything which gives you the greatest satisfaction. But in the matter of letting you loose to put more grit in the vaseline, presumption is, alas, like the primrose at the river's brim—a flower and nothing more."

*Vassilikides had thrust his way into the bedroom. "Commander, it is the guns! Von Steydel have tell the customs!"*

THE colonel flung out his hands in a gesture of helpless resignation, snapped an Albanian phrase at his silent confederates, and submitted: "We will help with this, but afterward we shall talk again. We refuse to remain here all night."

"Good enough," commented Conway. "First the movies, then the talkies."

Without further demur the compulsory fatigue party at Wilde's command assembled at the big case and raised one end while Richards placed a couple of wooden rollers beneath. It was a heavy and awkward job to roll the heavy case forward on to the lorry, and the doing of it distributed the party around the case, destroying its grouping. At a critical moment, when the five diplomats were lifting and pushing at the near end of the case, Richards jumped on to the lorry to fix another roller to receive the poised case at the opposite end, and Wilde vaulted lightly into the vanway to see what the obstruction was. A sudden powerful thrust sent the case sliding forward, blocking Richards into the lorry. The sweating attaché stooped to one of the released rollers as Conway turned to the colonel, who in an attitude of disgust had backed away from the job.

Before Wilde knew what was happening, Conway had crashed to the floor under the impact of the roller, von Steydel had hit the electric switch, and the warehouse was in darkness. For a moment there was silence, broken suddenly by curt commands in Albanian, and a stumbling rush of feet.

"Conway—Richards," snapped Wilde, "the light!" And stealthily he began to make his way along the vanway toward the exit, while Richards climbed from the lorry and stumbled in the general direction of the switch. The sound of Richards' match was the signal for another burst of footsteps well ahead of Wilde, who had had to feel his way around the obstructing vehicle. Wilde dived for the noise, tripped, fell, and reached the entrance to the office passage just in time to have the door slammed and locked in his face.

As Richards came running along with a torch he had improvised from a rolled newspaper, the outer door banged.

"'Opped it!" cried Richards. "What do we do now, sir?"

"'Op it also in due course, Richards," said Wilde. "Meanwhile that is that."

## II

CONWAY awakened in Wilde's bed the next morning with a head like a jazz band and a mouth like a pharmacopœia. Richards gave him a cup of tea and—by request—a clarification of the final events of the previous evening.

"I brought you along 'ere, sir, and the captain, sir, 'e goes off with the lorry an' them there guns. That was about ten pip-emma, sir, an' now it's ten ack-emma, sir. Captain's last orders, sir, was that you was to stand by 'ere until 'e relieves you, or until 'e telephones. Yer bath's ready, sir, an' I've pressed yer soot."

"D'you mean to say Captain Wilde hasn't been home all night?"

"Nossir."

Conway kicked off the bedclothes and his lethargy.

"But if he hasn't been home all night, where on earth is he? It wouldn't take him the whole night to run the guns down to the Red Herring! See who's ringing that cursed doorbell."

In two minutes Richards was back. "It's that there Vaseline-kidneys, sir; 'e wants to see the captain urgentlike. What'll I do with him?"

But Mr. Vassilikides, in a state of excitement, had thrust his way into the bedroom. "Commander, it is the guns! Von Steydel have tell the customs!"

The story Vassilikides told was that Colonel von Steydel had that morning informed customs headquarters by telephone and anonymously that a boat called the Re

Herring, belonging to one Captain Peter Wilde, was lying at a Thameside wharf with a cargo of contraband arms. That these arms were intended for a mandated territory, and that if the customs permitted them to leave the country, the Council of the Mandatory Powers would have something to say to the Chief of Customs. Vassilikides had overheard the whole of von Steydel's conversation while waiting in the hall of von Steydel's suite at the Ritz in connection with some general supplies he was shipping to Albania. Remembering Wilde's threat to inform her Highness of his own duplicity in connection with the guns, should they not reach San Giovanni, Vassilikides had hurried round to Old Burlington Street in protection of his own interests.

Conway flung on some clothes, and got his car from the garage with the intention of going to the wharf. Then he backed the car into the garage and returned to the flat.

"Richards, stop that infernal packing and let's see what there is to do. It's no good my going down to the boat. If Captain Wilde was there he'd have telephoned, and if he's not there the guns aren't there. We've got to find him somehow at once, and stop him taking the guns on board. Didn't he give any indication at all where he was making for?"

"'E give no hindication of anythink, sir. I was to take over the vessel at eleven ack-emma this mornin', sir, and you was to stop 'ere. 'Give my compliments to Commander Conway,' 'e says, 'and ask him to stand by at the flat till 'e 'ears from me.'"

Conway paced the carpet half a dozen times, cursed, sat down again with a crash, and announced:

"There's damn' little else we can do, it seems to me."

"Exactly, sir," remarked Richards. "Horders is horders. Whatever the henemy does, sir, the captain'll be expectin' us to do as 'e instructed. Then 'e'll know where 'e is when it comes to a counterattack. We don't know where 'e is, sir, but 'e'll know where we are."

"RICHARDS," said Conway, "when you die I'll have you stuffed and put you in the British Museum."

"Very good, sir. May I fall out now and carry on with the packing?"

"You may, and get down to the boat as soon as you can. If Captain Wilde's there with the guns, phone me up immediately. If not, wait at the wharf entrance till they arrive, and tell Captain Wilde what's happened."

Richards packed and departed for Joblin's Wharf, and Conway stood by at the flat, impotent, fuming, and thoroughly obfuscated by his partner's unaccountable absence. Lunch time came and went with no word from Wilde or Richards, and Conway was just on the point of leaving his post to join Richards on the Red Herring when the telephone bell rang, and Wilde's voice inquired: "Well, old fur face, how's the head?"

"Head be damned!" Conway cried. "Where the devil have you been, and where are those blasted guns?"

"The questions of subordinate commanders will be dealt with when the battle's over," was Wilde's placid retort. "Put on your bonnet and shawl and trickle along to the lugger forthwith."

"Listen!" Conway shouted. "The fat's in the fire. That swine von Steydel has put the customs on to us."

"So Richards has just told me," answered Wilde. "Hurry up, young-feller-me-lad, and don't forget your powder puff."

Conway slammed the receiver on its hook, ran downstairs, and took a taxi to the wharf.

PAYING off his driver at the gates, he hurried down to the waterside, and there, moored between a barge laden with carboys of acid and a lighter stacked with building material, he found the Red Herring. In the bright sunlight the legend, "Ford Motor Tractor," boldly absolved the contents of a large white deal case that occupied most of her deck space. With her new gray paint, businesslike hull, and banal-looking cargo, the one-time C. M. B. looked as harmless and ordinary as any craft in the coastal carrying trade. But not to Conway, who stood for a few seconds staring at the case and wished the whole outfit at the bottom of the river.

A brief glance around took in a lighterman leaning over the bows of the timber boat, smoking, and spitting into the water; and, shading his eyes with his hands, he scanned the stream up and down for sign of a customs boat. Then, with a running leap, he sprang on to the Red Herring.

Inside the little deckhouse he found Richards methodically unrolling bedding on one of the four bunks.

"Where's Captain Wilde?"

"'E ain't come yet, sir. 'E sent the guns down on a garidge lorry about twelve o'clock this mornin'. 'E telephoned about an hour ago to say 'e was just a-goin' to 'ave a shave before j'ining, so 'e orter be 'ere any minit now."

"On a garage lorry? Oh, my sainted aunt!" Conway ejaculated. "Drop that job and get the engines hotted up. As soon as Captain Wilde arrives we must make a run for it. Have you seen any—"

The sentence was interrupted by a crash on the deck.

"Here's the captain now, sir."

"Hallo, old sea horse. Beaten me by a short head," was Wilde's greeting. "No visitors yet, I see."

"I don't know what the devil you've been messing at," exclaimed Conway, "but if we don't buzz off now, we are copped for certain, before we've even a chance to run for it! I'll go and start the motor."

"Steady a minute. Richards, have you got all the petrol on board, and the provisions?"

"Yessir. An' I've 'otted 'er up, sir, and she's all ready to move. There's bin a launch 'angin' about doin' nothink in particular, but she 'opped


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it an hour or so ago—went an' lost 'erself in them penny steamers opposite."

"We can do all this chin-wagging when we're moving!" cried Conway, striding to the door.

"Half a minute," said Wilde again, looking through a porthole outstream. "Unless I'm mistaken, we're going to have a party after all."

Crossing midstream, her nose on the Red Herring, was a big motor launch. At her stern the flag of his Majesty's customs.

Conway turned round and stared at Wilde. Sergeant Richards stiffened to attention, and announced:

"It's that there launch, sir. She 'adn't 'opped it, after all. What are your orders, sir?"

"Whisky and glasses, Richards," said Wilde cheerfully. "Commander Conway looks thirsty, and I'm sure our callers will be. Come on, Mike, pull up your socks and get ready to give an imitation of a reception committee. Here, where are you going?"

"Cut that blasted mooring rope!" shouted Conway over his shoulder. "We'll run for it."

"Carry on with the refreshments, Richards," ordered Wilde calmly, and he walked out on deck.

Conway was already in the engine well, and the customs launch less than two hundred yards away, advancing rapidly.

"Mike," called Wilde. But Conway was cranking the engine. It started, stopped, started again, back-fired, and then broke into a loud, steady roar.

Conway bobbed his head out of the hatch to see the launch practically on them, and Wilde leaning nonchalantly against the deckhouse, whistling. Shutting off the engine he climbed slowly out of the well and joined Wilde just as the launch came alongside.

"Copped," he said.

The first person to step aboard the Red Herring was Mr. Geoffrey Penton, head of the Customs Investigation Depot, and Wilde's dethroned rival in the affections of Norah Steventon.

"Good afternoon, Penton," said Wilde cheerfully. "This is a surprise. Haven't seen you for a long time. It's very matey of you to drop in like this. I'm afraid I can't offer you tea—it's the cook's afternoon out. But you are just in time to join us in a libation to Bacchus. Have you met Conway?"

Penton inspected them both ironically, curiously, while Wilde and Conway simultaneously reviewed two uniformed customs officers, and a couple of stout individuals in plain clothes enough to indicate the genuine police article.

"Good afternoon, Wilde," Penton returned suavely, and looking at the huge white case with its block-letter inscriptions. "I've been wondering for some time the source of your prosperity. Apparently you are in the motor export trade!"

"Looks rather like it, don't it?" Wilde agreed genially. "However, don't let that put you off. I never sell a Ford to a friend. You are quite safe. Come along to the cabin and bring your pals. We've only got six glasses, but we can toss who drinks out of the bottle."

"I'M not here on a social visit," returned Penton. "I'm here on business. Customs business. Does that convey anything to you?"

"Oh, I see!" Wilde exclaimed. "You've come on a silk hunt. Well, 'dooty's dooty,' as my man says. You'd better begin on Conway. He's been frightfully dressy lately. I must, by the way, apologize for his lack of small talk. He's lost his voice. Slept in a strange bed last night, and probably had his feet out of the window."

"I have received information that there is a cargo of arms on this vessel," Penton announced curtly. "We are here to see if that information is correct, Wilde."

"Arms?" Wilde repeated. "Really, this is most interesting. Arms that hug or arms that plug? Why, you are a regular feller, Penton. I thought legs were your line of country."

"Have you a permit for the export of arms?"

"I've a remarkably good-looking dog license and a book of postage stamps, if they're any good to you."

"Have you any arms on board?"

"Listen to him, Mike—becoming quite inquisitive, isn't he? Penton, if you've quite made up your mind to make a goat of yourself, instead of having a drink like a Christian, why not take a squint round? This ain't the Leviathan. It shouldn't take you long."

"What have you got in that case?"

"If you insist on knowing, I'll tell you," said Wilde confidentially. "Last week's laundry, and a few spare collar studs for the crew. We've labeled it Ford for swank."

"I must ask you to open the case at once."

"If you want it opened you must open it yourself. And, what's more, if you do open it, you'll close it up again in its present condition."

"The customs regulations—"

WILDE cut him short: "Customs regulations are no justification for damaging cargo on suspicion, or for boarding a private craft on an inland wharf. That's a police matter and must be supported by evidence and a search warrant. This is not a Channel steamer, and this is not the docks."

Penton smiled grimly. "I'm dispensing with documentary authority, Wilde, and your attitude is evidence enough. You don't deny having the arms, and if you want the police, I can oblige you."

"It's no blasted good talking, Peter!" cried Conway. "Let 'em get on with it. You always were a dirty swab, Penton. Go ahead and be damned." And he flopped down on the edge of the engine hatch and took out his pipe.

Wilde blinked from his partner to Penton, and pursed his lips and commenced to whistle Land of Hope and Glory.

At an order from Penton, the two plain-clothes men stationed themselves between the two gun-runners.

"We are police constables," announced one. "We are here to see you don't interfere with these customs officers while they search this boat. My advice to you is to act according. Anything you say may be used against you."

Sergeant Richards came out of the deckhouse, marched up to Wilde with expressionless face, clicked his heels, and asked: "Any orders, sir?"

"Yes, sergeant," said Wilde, breaking off his whistle. "Bring that whisky and glasses out here. Then unpack my kit and Commander Conway's bag. If you come across a howitzer or anything like that, hide it behind one of the family portraits in the picture gallery where these gents can't find it. And if there's any silk stockings or camisoles in Commander Conway's trousseau, stuff 'em into an empty jam jar and label 'em 'plum an' apple.'"

With tools brought from the launch the two customs men commenced work on the case, Penton superintending, while Conway gazed dejectedly at the deck, and Wilde resumed Land of Hope and Glory, the plain-clothes men stolidly eying him. Richards reappeared with whisky, water, and four glasses on the lid of a biscuit tin, and Wilde, still whistling, poured out four drinks.

"We don't want none of that," said one of the police firmly but with obvious regret.

"Bring it here," said Conway. And pouring the contents of the rejected glasses into his own, he swallowed the lot at one gulp. Banging down the empty glass, he stood gazing out across the Thames. Penton and his assistants had got as far as lifting one of the lid planks on the case when there occurred a totally unexpected diversion.

Climbing into view from the wharf to the Red Her-

ring was Miss Norah Steventon, brown-clad, flushed of face, and intensely bright of eye. Norah dropped lightly on to the deck, and Wilde stepped forward to meet her.

"Well, Peter," said Norah, smiling divinely at Wilde, "where on earth have you been since last Sunday, and what's the idea going away without saying a word to me?" And then she realized Penton and the two uniformed customs officers. "Geoffrey Penton! What on earth—" Her glance traveled to Conway and switched from him to the men who stood near Wilde, police written all over them. "Peter, what's all this? What on earth is happening?"

Wilde blinked. "Nothing of interest, darling. We're just having a little rat hunt, and Penton's doing Master of Hounds. But what's brought you along here? Is this another little jest of yours, Penton?"

Penton stepped forward. "Norah, you have come at an awkward moment—for Wilde. I am here officially. A serious charge has been made against him, and we are at the moment investigating it."

"A charge," repeated Norah. "What kind of a charge?"

"Merely a figure of speech, darling," said Wilde. "Penton probably picked it up during the Great War—from the newspapers."

"The charge," Penton explained, "is gun-running. A serious crime. And—here is the evidence," he added, as a second plank was prised from the case.

"Richards!" shouted Wilde.

"It's no good making a fuss," warned one of the guards, quickly seizing Wilde by the arm.

Sergeant Richards came up at the double as the other plain-clothes man braced himself for a spring at Conway, while Norah stood staring with eyes wide and bewildered.

THE tension was snapped by the voice of the customs official on the case. Withdrawing his head from the opening he had made, he screwed round and announced blankly, "There are no arms in here."

Penton pivoted on his heel and glared at the speaker incredulously. "There must be!" he cried.

"The case contains nothing but a motor chassis," was the reply.

"A Ford tractor," supplemented the second official.

"I was just about to tell Richards to make some tea for Miss Steventon," drawled Wilde. "Would you like a cup, Penton, before you draw the other coverts, or d'you prefer going on while the scent's hot and strong?"

Penton collected himself gamely, and answered:

"We will reserve that until we've completed our search. It may be that I shall owe you an apology, but my information was definite and your attitude suspicious."

"Business is business," Wilde agreed with a wink at Conway, who looked as if he were about to dance a hornpipe. "But don't forget to make a neat job of closing that case. I'm taking that tractor to Wildescombe by sea, for use on my farm, and I don't want it to get rusty. Now what about a spot of tea, Norah? Come on, old fur face," to Conway.

Inside, Conway, puzzled beyond discretion, demanded:

"What, in God's name, have you done with those damned guns?"

And Norah, seizing Wilde by the arm, cried, "What is all this about?"

At that precise moment the door of the deckhouse was flung open, and framed in its space stood her Highness the Princess Weissenthurm, green-costumed and calm, blue smoke curling up from the cigarette in its long jade holder.

"Captain Wilde," said she, "there seems to be something absorbing in progress on your little ship. May one inquire what?"

"One may, ma'am," answered Wilde. "It is a search for contraband arms—by British customs officials."

The princess stared at him, and the tip of her cigarette glowed redly as she inhaled deeply.

"Is this one of them?" she asked, indicating Conway.

NORAH answered for him, impelled by sudden consciousness of her own remissness and a curious tensity in the princess's attitude. "That's Commander Conway, princess. Can you ever forgive me? I absolutely forgot you were waiting in the car."

"My dear, do not distress yourself," said the princess. "It is luxury to be forgotten sometimes, and your car is very comfortable. Is Commander Conway an—er—ally, Captain Wilde?"

"Commander Conway is my business partner, madame," replied Wilde. "Now may I ask how you and Miss Steventon happen to be here?"

With a most masculine gesture and expert precision, the princess blew her cigarette out of the holder through the open porthole, and said:

"My good friend, do not waste time asking questions. I have taken the liberty of starting up the engine of Miss Steventon's car. The wharf gates are open, and your customs friends seem occupied. Go quickly."

Norah gasped, but Wilde blinked once more and bowed. "Madame," said he, "Albania is to be congratulated on her future ruler; but I should like an answer to my question."

The princess shrugged her shoulders. "My dear"—to Norah—"this man of yours is obstinate. You'd better tell him."

Norah stamped her foot. "If you are in danger, Peter, why don't you go? I met the princess again last night at the palace. Why don't you go?"

"Your fiancée is somewhat incoherent," said her Highness calmly, fitting a cigarette into the holder. "She apparently did not know you were proceeding abroad right away, and was somewhat annoyed that I did. As misunderstandings between lovers

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are usually harmful to more important affairs—and I perhaps am still a little sentimental—I brought her to say *au revoir*. Now had you not better go before those guns are discovered? You will be no use to me as a prisoner."

Wilde's eyelids flickered and his features relaxed. "Madame," said he, "I thank you for the explanation. There are no guns on board."

"Then where are my guns? Colonel von Steydel reported that you had them here on your ship and that you would be leaving with them today."

Wilde looked at his watch. "At the moment your guns are in the hold of the S. S. Argile, and well out in the English Channel," he said. "I loaded them myself at six o'clock this morning at Southampton. The Argile sailed at ten, and is due at San Giovanni with general cargo on the fifteenth of this month. Here is the manifest," taking a yellow form from his pocket.

"Well, I'm blowed!" ejaculated Conway.

Her Highness exhaled a cloud of blue smoke, and said slowly, "This is very surprising, Captain Wilde. Were there none of these inconvenient customs people at Southampton?"

"Swarms of them, madame," grinned Wilde. "But they do not interfere with outgoing merchandise without good reason. And one Ford motor tractor—which is their disguise—is neither reason nor rhyme."

The princess smiled, then, frowning slightly, she said:

"This is most satisfactory, Captain Wilde. But you told my equerry you were taking them yourself on this little ship of yours. Why did you mislead him?"

Wilde blinked again and grinned. "Deception is the better part of valor, princess. I had two alternative plans, and kept one to myself, to switch on in case of accidents. We call it Intelligent Anticipation. But speaking of your estimable equerry, madame, may I inquire if he is to handle the guns at the other end?"

"He is not," the princess answered. "The guns will be received by a young cousin of mine from New York who runs the oil business at Giovanni to which they are addressed. And he'll take darned good care of them. But what is biting you, exactly?" she added, including Conway in her questioning glance. "There seems to be something in the proceedings I haven't quite got the hang of!"

"Quite a few things, princess," Wilde told her cheerfully. "But nothing that won't keep until dinner tonight—if you'll be good enough to ask me."

Here the daughter of his Majesty's Chief of Customs erupted into the conversation.

"IS this true—all that you are saying? Is gun-running the mysterious business you've been hiding from me?"

"I'm afraid it is, old thing," he confessed grimly.

The daughter of the Chief of Customs drew back a pace, her color rising, her eyes gleaming and intent. "You—you beast! You absolute beast!"

Wilde eyed her for a few seconds while Conway scratched his beard uncomfortably and the princess looked on. "Well—yes," he admitted. "I suppose I am—"

"You are," she cried; "a selfish, gorgeous beast! Whyever didn't you tell me before, and let me into the thrill? Why, it's absolutely priceless!" And she flung herself at him.

"Commander," said the princess dryly, "as gun-running seems to have acquired another recruit, I guess we had better make that dinner into a foursome."

Norah broke away from Wilde and subsided on to one of the bunks, rocking with laughter.

"May I ask what tickles you about my invitation, my dear?" inquired the princess.

"It's Peter!" gurgled Norah. "Smuggling guns and breaking all the customs regulations to marry my father's daughter. What a pity I can't tell father."

Her Highness the princess smiled broadly.

"My dear," said she, "there are two sorts of men who have no sense of humor—fathers and husbands. And, in the circumstances, I imagine Sir Nigel would be no exception."

THE END

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### *Mysteries of Mathematics*

MY little girl was much upset over a problem in arithmetic. "Mama, you told me how to work it in yards, but teacher said to work it in feet."

"Well, don't you know how many feet are in a yard?"

"Of course not! Everybody's feet aren't the same size."—Mrs. E. C. Anderson, 120 Seventh Avenue, San Francisco, Calif.

### *A Young Opportunist*

MY four-year-old answered a ring at the doorbell.

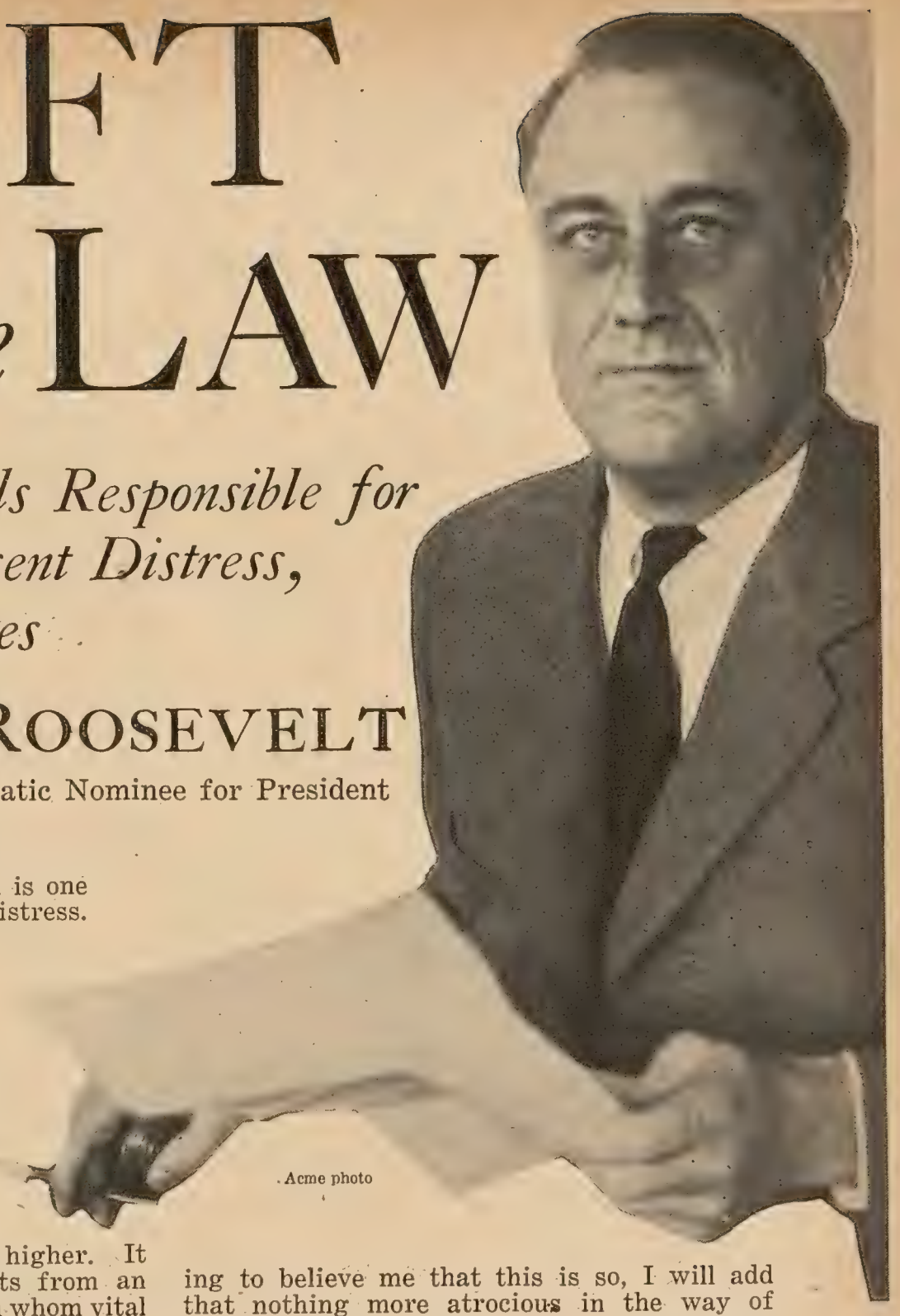
The man who rang asked if the lady of the house would like her scissors or knives sharpened. "No," came the reply. "Her scissors are sharp; her knives are sharp, but I guess you can sharpen her pencils."—Mrs. William Charles Heinrichs, 1120 N. Olive Street, Santa Ana, Calif.

# THEFT *Within the* LAW

## *Holding-Company Evils Responsible for Much of Our Present Distress, Declares*


### FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Governor of New York and Democratic Nominee for President

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*(Reading time: 3 minutes 5 seconds.)*

UNRESTRAINED financial exploitation is one of the main causes of our present distress.

Great financial losses have come from unsound holding companies. These artificial creations are huge, top-heavy superstructures insecurely balanced over our already existing corporations. They have enabled ambitious management to create fictitious values never justified by existing earnings. Their sponsors say they enlarge the scope of capable management and facilitate financing. Yet the holding company serves no warrantable economic purpose. Actually, it enables managers to raise their own high salaries higher. It helps financiers to wrest illegitimate profits from an unsuspecting and inexperienced public—from whom vital information has been withheld.

Some of the cleverest swindles of today are based upon the astounding successes of the past. But examine these successes. In their infancy they set up rudimentary forms of holding companies, it is true—but they did not succeed merely because of them. They were helped by rapid national expansion and revolutionary technical advances. More recent exploitations are not aided to such a degree.

Management of today and yesterday cannot be compared. Management used to entail the responsibility of ownership. Ownership today is so widely scattered and unorganized that pitifully few of our corporations are managed by their owners. The greater the distance between ownership and management, the easier it is for irregularities to occur. So today it is imperative for government to insist on publicity—so that ownership may be protected. Without full knowledge of the facts, adroit and unscrupulous managers will continue to think only of careers for themselves. They will reach for positions of greater and greater power. With the new tools of financial wizardry we know that they will more and more involve the innocent investor in their labyrinthine actions.

Instance after instance of pillage, deceit of the public, and even of the prostitution of public agencies and officials—for which these same managers have often been responsible—may be found in the files of the Federal Trade Commission investigation of public utilities. The record is convincing. It is so voluminous that anyone may pick out examples to convince himself. But if you are willing to believe me that this is so, I will add that nothing more atrocious in the way of thievery inside the law has ever been successfully attempted against the American public.

Now we are faced with the results. In quick succession we have seen the collapse of the Forshay, Ohrstrom, and Insull dynasties, and the consequent wreck of supposed financial safety for thousands of our citizens. The Kreuger fraud has brought widespread disaster to households throughout the world. All this is the result of holding-company exploitation.

Twenty years ago, in 1912, the Democratic Party in its platform recognized that protection against the unrestrained holding company was essential. The record of constructive legislation enacted just before the war gives us ample reason to believe that, had not the war intervened, the solution of this problem would have been reached. This phase of our present distress would not have complicated our immediate problems.

No industry has ever been known to purge itself of its iniquities. Nor can we expect that holding-company managements will do so. The only preventive of a recurrence of this situation is full and continuous publicity, whole-heartedly backed by Federal legislation. I consider that this is one of the first forward steps to be taken by a new national administration.

Franklin D. Roosevelt

*Another of this series of articles on matters of state by Governor Roosevelt will appear in an early issue.*

# The Stars in Father's Crown

*A Short Short Story*

*By*

STANLEY G. TAGGARD

*(Reading time: 5 minutes 43 seconds.)*

HEPZIBAH loved to sit in the battered old spring wagon and hold the horse while father worked. Today father had chosen an even more beautiful spot than usual, she thought: a great rocky cliff that rose sheer from the roadside. Just beyond, the road turned sharply, so that passers-by could not possibly miss the warning which father was placing there for all to see.

She wondered what it would be this time. Sometimes it was REPENT in great staring red letters—just that one solemn word: REPENT! Surely, Hepzibah thought, any poor sinner traveling along this road, seeing father's sign, must realize the error of his way and turn back toward God.

Hepzibah loved the roving life that she and father lived. Almost since she could remember, it had been their life. Of course there were vague pictures of a time when she and father and mother had all lived together in a little white house near a little white-painted church.

But mother had passed away, and it was soon after that she and father had started out. When they came to a new town, father would interview the pastor of one of the churches and make arrangements for revival meetings.

Hepzibah loved one of the hymns that they often sang at the meetings:

> Will there be any stars,
> Any stars in my crown?

She believed that for every soul father saved there would be a star in his crown in glory.

During the time that a revival lasted she and father usually lived at the parsonage with the pastor of the church, or else with the family of one of the deacons.

Father never seemed content to remain anywhere for long. Soon they would pack up their few belongings, load them into the old canopy-topped spring wagon with its flapping side curtains, and move on to new pastures of the Lord. And always, as they went, father's eye searched the wayside for suitable places to emblazon his warnings: REPENT, JESUS SAVES, JOHN 3:16—depending upon his mood.

And now the sun poured down, warm and golden. The bony old horse nibbled the tender shoots of young maples beside the road. Hepzibah let the reins hang loosely, allowing him to stray a little from the roadway. A larger tree screened father from her view, but she could hear the slap, slap of his brush against the warm rock. She wondered idly about father. Something was troubling him, she thought. He had hardly spoken to her since the revival in the town before the last.

A traveling circus had been stranded there and several of the performers had attended the revival, largely out of curiosity, no doubt. Hepzibah remembered how father had pleaded that night for sinners to come forward, to make their peace with God before it was too late.

There was one lady in particular who belonged to the circus group. Hepzibah thought she had never before seen so beautiful a lady. She recognized her from a picture on a billboard. She was the Princess Salome and the picture showed her dancing with a huge snake coiled about her waist.

The Princess Salome sat staring at father, her eyes never leaving his face for a moment. At first father did not seem to notice her. Then Hepzibah saw that he had turned all his attention upon her, seemed to be pleading especially with her.

He stood there with arms outstretched; and the woman rose up and came forward as though she were walking in her sleep, tears streaming down her face.

Hepzibah saw then, with a little shock, that there was black stuff on her eyelashes, red upon her lips and upon her cheeks. A *painted woman!* Surely this would mean an especially bright star for father's crown if he won her back to God!

The woman fell on her knees at father's feet. He held out his hand, and she clutched it like a drowning woman. Father lifted her to her feet and she stood there sobbing, her head bowed low upon her breast. Father raised his hands and all the people stood up. "Let us pray," father said.

The revival was to have lasted three days. On the second day, however, father, with no explanation, began making preparations to resume their journeying. Hepzibah thought there had been a difference in father from that day on.

Then yesterday, at their last revival, the Princess had suddenly appeared again! She had almost crawled up the aisle, fairly groveled at father's feet. Father's face was very stern and terrible as he bade her rise, go forth, and sin no more.

Then late last night someone had come to the house where they were staying and asked for father. Everyone was in bed; but father went downstairs to see who it was and what was wanted. Hepzibah got out of her bed and, looking out of the window, she saw father and a woman going down through the orchard at the back of the house. The moonlight was not very bright, so she could not be sure; but she thought it was the Princess.

Shivering, she crept back to bed and lay awake for a long time. She did not hear father when he came back to the house.

THIS morning a heavy cloud of gloom seemed to have settled down over him, shutting her out.

Suddenly Hepzibah wanted to see father—to make sure that no danger threatened him. She gave a quick jerk at the reins, startling the old horse. The wagon moved forward. Now she could see father at his work. A great tree stood at the side of the cliff and he had climbed out on to a dead limb that stretched across the rock. Only a few more brush strokes and the message would be done. Father stepped out a little farther upon the limb, steadying himself with one hand against the rock, his pot of red paint and his brush in the other.

"Oh, father, be careful!" she wanted to cry out. But she dared not. The gray grimness of his face forbade her.

He stood staring at the words before him. Slowly he dipped his brush into the paint; and then, without warning, the limb cracked sharply! She saw father poised there for an agonized second, and the next he was hurtling downward to the sharp rocks below, his pot of paint spilling around him.

With a scream, Hepzibah leaped from the wagon, ran frantically toward the place where father lay. As she stumbled forward, her eyes turned upward and she saw the great sign which father had all but finished, its red, fiery letters burning into the very rock itself. In awful judgment it flung forth its inexorable decree:

THE WAGES OF SIN IS DEATH.

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## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 23

1—An empty braggart, a boaster.

2—Under act of Congress passed in 1905.

3—The Globe Theater in London.

4—A history of Troy, printed by William Caxton in 1474.

5—Basset.

6—The seed of the tagua nut, which looks like and is used as ivory.

7—The tiger lily.

8—Sicily.

9—Casimir Funk.

10—Roentgen, in Germany, in 1895.

11—A South American tree which yields quinine.

12—Certain South and Central American monkeys.

13—An expert soldier formerly stationed in front of others to act as their guide.

14—Queen Anne (1702-14).

15—From the air bladders of sturgeons from the rivers of western Russia.

16—Certain species, called butcher birds, impale their prey on thorns.

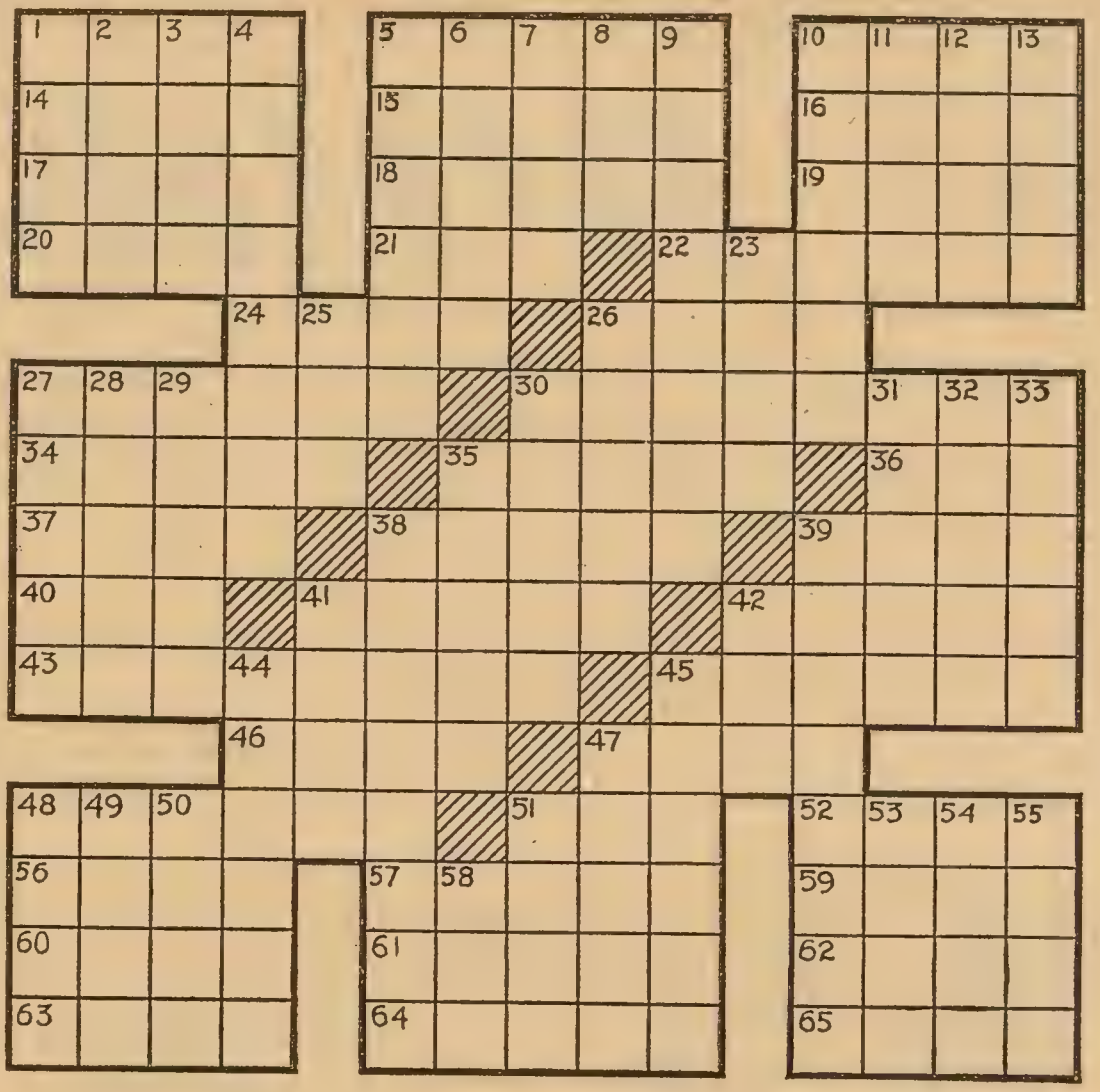
17—Boston.

18—West Virginia and Nevada.

19—The crisp bits left when lard is fried out of pork.

20—The foam rising on malt liquors when fermenting.

# Cross Words — A New Puzzle



### HORIZONTAL

1 Hairlike surface on a fabric
5 A system of phonetic notation
10 To pierce with a pointed weapon
14 A fortified seaport in Algeria
15 A Biblical town (Num. xxxiii)
16 A narrow way
17 In the manner of
18 Altar slab
19 A city in Kansas
20 A river in Austria
21 Inquire
22 A compound of iron (plural)
24 Ceased to be present
26 Device for arresting motion
27 A silk fabric (plural)
30 Load-line mark on a vessel's side
34 A thick soup
35 Protect with crossbars, as a window
36 A constellation
37 The daughter of Nyx
38 An intimate companion
39 A bubble formed by effervescence
40 Fashion, style
41 A drink of brandy, etc., with sugar and nutmeg
42 A fruit
43 Sniffing
45 Forms by twisting
46 Incalculable periods of time
47 Versifier

GRAB BOONE SKEW
AURA RAVED TARE
SEER ASIDE ARSE
DANDIES NAILED
AIDS STIR
SPACES SPARSER
ORALS FLATS RAH
DIRE GLARE MANE
ADO FLUKE METER
ENFLAME CANOES
IONE BART
GARBED AIRSHIP
ALOE EAGLE OMEN
STAR RINGS LATE
TODS STIES SMEW

Answer to last week's puzzle

48 A deep red color
51 More (music)
52 Exalted
56 Passageway in a mine
57 Any of various willows
59 Feminine proper name
60 Happening not long ago
61 One single occasion
62 A legendary king of Britain
63 Word of ratification
64 To prosper
65 Coarse uncouth cry (colloq.)

### VERTICAL

1 Pertaining to gray matter of brain (G R)
2 A flower
3 A small body of water
4 Force in operation (plural)
5 People of an ancient empire
6 Excessively corpulent
7 A cenobite
8 A pronoun
9 Moral or spiritual purity
10 Slumbers
11 Any weed, such as vetch
12 The dye indigo
13 Insects
23 A volume, particularly if large
25 An indefinite pronoun
26 Popular cant
27 Glasses (colloq.)
28 Gold (chem.)
29 Worn out
30 Sharp point or sharp-pointed instrument
31 A fat
32 A formal parting or farewell
33 Something which draws (plural)
35 Broad smiles
38 A kind of apple (plural)
39 Joyously
41 The black haw
42 Be indebted to
44 Pertaining to a season of fasting
45 Traveled
47 To enlarge or repair by adding
48 Gay and lively celebration
49 Masculine proper name
50 Ceremony
51 Waste away with longing
53 An intention or design
54 To corrode
55 To dwell unduly on
58 Any soggy mass

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

# To the Ladies!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

*linguist, traveler, lecturer, and authority on fashion*

*(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)*

HERE'S a new sidelight on Washington, D. C. When we think of Washington we think of stately senators in dignified garb. We don't think of lace negligees and vampish feminine frills.

Yet Loretta Young tells me that when she had to find a particularly seductive boudoir wrap to wear on the stage, she saw the very thing in Washington, of all places, after New York had failed to produce anything sexy enough to fill the bill.

"New York negligees," said Miss Young, "were positively virginal compared to the voluptuous velvet-and-spangle vamping robes I saw in Washington, D. C. Cleopatra would have loved them."

Loretta likes to do her own sewing, but she can't wear what she sews. "I make panties for myself," she confessed. "They never fit me. So I tear them all up and throw them away."

Her real name is Margaret, and her family calls her Gretchen. The movies renamed her Loretta without giving her any choice in the matter. They just said, "Your name is Loretta," and Loretta she is.

I had breakfast with her recently—one of those lunch-time breakfasts that are now so fashionable—and I have rarely seen anyone look more lovely in the morning. No make-up. Her hair as shimmery as the sunlight, and her eyes as green as the clear green depths of a tropic sea.

Loretta Young

PINK tourmalines, garnets, and topazes are going to be the fashionable gems this winter. They are semiprecious. You'll be able to buy them at almost any price from a couple of dollars to five hundred. The five hundred would get you a string of the best pink tourmalines obtainable. The fashion for these warm-colored stones has been started because they will harmonize with the red tones we'll be wearing this season.

The garnets come from Bohemia, the pink tourmalines from California, and most of the topazes we'll wear won't be topazes at all—they'll be citrine quartz, which is found nearly everywhere.

Big pieces of it were dug up recently in Forty-second Street, New York, by sewer diggers.

ANNE was an only child. Martin had brothers and sisters. Anne and Martin got married.

They are profoundly in love with each other. They have youth, health, money enough. They should be ideally happy—but they are not.

As an only child, Anne has always had a quiet, uncrowded home. And that is the sort of home she has made for Martin. She likes her in-laws; she and Martin see them often, but Anne has never been used to having a houseful of people all the time.

On the other hand, Martin cannot accustom himself to the quietude of his new home. He has always been used to the cheerful noise and movement of a large family.

"Poor Martin is lonesome," Anne said to me. "He won't tell me so, because he doesn't want to hurt my feelings. But I know he is really miserable. And I don't know what to do about it."

Fortunately Anne and Martin are both reasonable. No doubt they will overcome their difficulty in time through habit and mutual compromise. But my talk with Anne showed me something I never had realized before:

Marriage can be a lonesome life, for a while, to any member of a large family.

SOME of the smartest hostesses who still make a ritual of five-o'clock tea are now discarding their heavy silver tea trays—heirlooms, usually—in favor of black lacquer trays decorated with flower designs and pearl inlay.

Real antique lacquer trays are perfect gems—costly gems, too—but you can get lovely copies of them at reasonable prices. A folding stand decorated to match makes the tray serviceable as a tea table.

I admit that I am still rather English about my tea. I believe there are few occasions in life more pleasant than the hour that comes when you drop in on a friend at the dusk of an autumn day, and find her beside a cozy tea table.

It is a foolish woman who will give up her tea set for a cocktail shaker. Tea-pouring is a graceful, gracious ceremony. Cocktail-shaking is acrobatic. You can't be very feminine with a cocktail shaker.

But with delicate china, a bubbling teakettle, dainty sandwiches, cake, hot biscuits perhaps, and firelight if possible—with these, what better setting can you have for intimate talk?

Friends remember such hours a good deal longer, I think, than they remember gay parties.

OBSCURE Destinies, by Willa Cather, is *the* book to read this week. I think you will like its homy, Mid-West characters and stories. (Alfred A. Knopf.)

YOU *may* cure your insomnia as follows:

Drag all the furniture into the middle of the room. Now walk round and round the room, keeping one big toe close against the baseboard. The wife of a well known poet tells me her husband puts himself to sleep this way every night. You can't lose by it. If you don't get sleep you get exercise.

TRY my new canape. It is highly indorsed by all the men to whom I have fed it.

Mix together and cream equal quantities of butter and peanut butter. To 3 tablespoons of this mixture add 1 scant teaspoon curry powder and a little salt. Spread on rounds of bread. Place half a shrimp, split lengthwise, on top and sprinkle with paprika. Serve very cold.

# I Want a Much

## *A Mother Looks Forward to Her Daughter's*

*By* JENNIFE

*Pictures*

*Certainly there are men who remain "pure" until they are married. Heaven deliver my daughter from one of them! Such experience often ends in the divorce court.*

*(Reading time: 8 minutes 5 seconds.)*

I SHOULD feel rather dubious for the future happiness of my daughter if she married the first man she fell in love with.

But I should feel downright alarmed if she were to marry a man in whose life she was the first woman!

In a recent article in Liberty, Marie Beynon Ray states in no uncertain terms she wants an unkissed son-in-law! Further, she says that many mothers of her acquaintance feel exactly as she does!

A clean young man, Mrs. Ray desires, who will be as chaste as he (she hopes) will expect his bride to be. In short, a male virgin!

I am not trying to be flippant upon a subject which, as I am the mother of a not unattractive daughter, lies close to my heart, too. But I had thought the notion that only a chaste man could be a clean and decent man was as quaint and extinct as the dodo bird!

To say that a healthy mind and body cannot remain wholesome while satisfying normal and healthy impulses in the natural way is Victorian.

It is worse. It is medieval. If a young man of marriageable age came to me, asserting, as one of his qualifications to become my son-in-law, his virginal state, I would ask him some very personal questions, and I would expect him to visit my physician for a mental as well as physical examination.

Certainly there are men who remain "pure" until they are married, men without extreme blemishes.

Have you ever known any of them? I married one once, myself!

Heaven deliver my daughter, or any young woman, from such experience, which often—as in my case—starts one on to the path leading to the divorce court.

Again, I know a young man—the exception proves the rule—perfectly normal, intelligent, and a splendid husband, who says, with a bitter laugh, that he was once Mrs. Ray's ideal. His reasons? He had to support his parents before he finished grammar school, and in those early years of hard work he was perpetually tired. He had no opportunities for leisure or relaxation.

Both he and his wife were as innocent when they married as their own babies are today. She told me recently that although the memory of her wedding night now seems rather humorous, it was to them both for a long time tragic. They sat, she said, on the floor of a bridal suite, weeping and clinging to each other!

They were frightened because they loved each other so, and didn't know quite what to do about it!

If you refuse to believe that prolonged chastity after maturity very often has unfortunate consequences, ask any intelligent doctor for his honest opinion. Ask a good general practitioner; a humanitarian. As a rule, this type of doctor is more of a family confessor than the specialist.

He can reveal to you, if he will, a *tragédie humaine.*

Why are some marriages so speedily annulled? Why is there nearly always mystery about an annulment?

Divorces are discussed out loud—annulments, in whispers.

If you are curious, ask your lawyer the reason. You will be surprised, perhaps, to learn how many chaste young men figure in these cases.

Not long ago I listened with interest to the heated conversation of two sisters, both mothers. One had lived abroad for years. The other was the resident of a smart suburban community near Chicago. She was discussing her daughter's approaching marriage, and said, *en passant,* she found it difficult to think about.

"It is not a 'thinky' subject," she explained brightly, "but an emotional one. I can only *feel* it," she added dramatically.

"But you seem to have given quite a bit of thought to Elaine's trousseau."

"Why shouldn't I? It will be her wedding day!"

"What of her wedding *night?* Have you given as much thought to that?"

"Don't be so shockingly vulgar!"

"Nonsense!" said the sister. "You arrange a big church wedding. You garb my niece in white and show her, Exhibit A—a virgin, so far as you know—an unforgettable picture, to each man and woman in the place. When the wedding is over, about midnight, they'll all be thinking about her, if you're not!"

"She is marrying a nice, clean, decent young man," the mother said defiantly. "She is his first love!"

"*His first love!*" The sister's voice rang high on a derisive note. "Tell me. When Elaine was born, did you have for your *accoucheur* someone who had never before attended a labor case? When you had your appendix removed, last summer, was your surgeon an amateur?

"Well, now you are putting not only the physical but

# Kissed Son-in-Law

## Happiness and Comes to a Decision

## LEE

DGAR McGRAW

the spiritual health of your daughter into the keeping of a novice. That boy, in a moment of stupidity, may wreck her whole outlook on life!"

"He's not stupid!"

"He must be! A man who marries his first love! In Europe, among intelligent, sophisticated people, this could not happen."

I knew she spoke the truth. In Europe it could not happen among people of her class. No European country, in proportion to its population, has a divorce rate that even remotely approaches ours. Why?

I asked a famous French statesman this question when he came to this country a few months ago, presumably to talk about nothing but statesmanship.

"I will tell you," he said seriously. "It is simple: We know *how* to love. We are taught, as young men, and are not ashamed to learn. We are encouraged, especially by our fathers, to *learn* to love. We do not consider it immoral to know how to please women. It is as much a part of our training, and as important to us, as our military service—and far more interesting to most of us! We are proud, not ashamed, of loving!

"Contrary to the general conception, marital infidelity is very rare in France. We know that happy marriages nearly always have as their foundation a satisfactory physical relationship!"

AS he spoke I remembered another man speaking. An American; one of the great lawyers of this country.

I had dropped in casually, one afternoon, at the charming home of his ex-wife. I found him there, seated with her at the luncheon table. Their eyes were bright from tears I felt they had not dared to shed.

We left together. He drove me home.

"You were surprised to see me there—eh?"

"Not exactly," I answered. "I know that you are both intelligent. That just because you couldn't live together doesn't mean you are enemies."

"You are right. The tragedy is, I still care for her."

"And your new wife?"

"Don't think that I do not love Dolores! But our story—Marguerite's and mine—is a peculiar one, and, I fear, an old and not even unusual one.

"Marguerite was my first love—I, hers. I was very ambitious, and she helped me in every way toward success. Yet there was always something wrong between us.

"One day I met the wife of one of my clients, an exotic type, an experienced woman of the world. She excited my curiosity. I desired her. She knew it. She was clever. Divorced her husband. Marguerite was big enough to give me my freedom.

"I now realize that if Marguerite or I had had worldly experience before our marriage everything would have been different. I feel sure we would still be together!"

For the past ten years I have heard and read a great deal about the goings-on together of boys and girls in their teens. But in talking with them I've found them not very different, fundamentally, from the boys and girls who were contemporary with me. They seem to me to have as romantic a flavor as ever I and my friends had. Yet they must know more of the facts of life than we did. Even if they aren't advised at home, they are taught sex hygiene in the more progressive schools. At any rate

*"We are proud, not ashamed, of loving! We know that happy marriages nearly always have as their foundation a satisfactory physical relationship."*

they do not flush or turn pale at the very mention of a close physical union. They seem normally interested, normally curious.

"Charles is having an affair with some terrible woman over at Miami!" a mother wailed to me recently.

"Hooray for Charles!" I said. "I hope she's nice!"

"How *could* she be nice? A girl like *that?*"

"But there must be something nice about her if she chooses to care for your son!"

Charles' mother dug her heels furiously into the white sand. She muttered the name of a young woman I know. Not a promiscuous young woman, but a fine, intelligent person with the courage of her convictions.

"Lucky Charles!" I said fervently to myself. "How much nicer he will be for having known her! And, lucky girl, somewhere, the future wife of Charles, who will one day reap the benefit of the knowledge that this older girl in Miami is sowing!"

Lucky Charles? What of my own future son-in-law? He must be already in his teens. Whether he is short or tall, dark or fair, I shall expect him to have the good health that should accompany knowledge in any normal youth.

Of course he must be honorable—to my daughter especially. And oh, I want him to have a sense of humor!

But for both their sakes I hope that he has already experienced the divine torment of his first serious love affair.

THE END

*A Man in the Bushes—Wally on the Scent Again—Bad Country for Castaways—The Incredible Surrender—Wandering into the Unexpected*

# BEYOND CONTROL

By REX BEACH

*Pictures by* CLAYTON KNIGHT

*(Reading time: 28 minutes 35 seconds.)*

*THIS is the story of Casey Haddon, air genius. Haddon was employed as pilot by Georges Larue, who hoped to make a record with his Fokker plane. Over Newfoundland the plane developed hopeless engine trouble. While Larue and the Devereaux brothers—his navigator and radio man—were parachuting to earth, Haddon discovered a stowaway: Cadence Drew, Larue's fiancée. With one chute he and the girl managed a descent. Meanwhile, Wally Ennis, a reporter, suspicious of air smuggling, had filled a notebook with evidence. On his way to Harbor Grace Wally was knocked unconscious.*

PART SIX—TOUGH GOING

LATER that afternoon Mrs. Ellen Tierney, on her way to Spaniard Bay for groceries, passed an automobile parked beside the road. Her horse, ordinarily well behaved, snorted and cut such capers that she had to use the whip in order to drive him past it. Returning home about dark, the animal again shied in the same place and at the same car. Being a capable as well as an inquisitive woman, she descended from her long cart and investigated.

The car was empty, its windshield was clouded with moisture, its radiator was cold. On the ditch bank she discovered something that sent her out into the wet grass and weeds beyond. She had not gone far before she stumbled over a pair of legs. They belonged to a fat man who lay in a clump of blueberry bushes. Presumably he was drunk; nevertheless he could not be allowed to lie here, so Mrs. Tierney dragged him out and tried to rouse him from his stupor. He groaned faintly, whereupon she saw that he was injured. Quickly she ran to the ditch, wet her large red handkerchief in a puddle and bathed his temples. She was alarmed when this did not serve to revive the stranger, and somehow she managed to get him out of his damp lair and into her cart. In all haste she whipped up her horse and drove clattering toward home.

Mr. Tierney, himself something of an authority on drunkenness, agreed with his good wife that the fellow was not suffering from inebriation, and together they got him into bed, where he finally responded to their efforts.

His first move when he had regained consciousness was to reach for his coat and grope through his pockets. He had been robbed, so he declared. He had lost a notebook. Footpads had set upon him. They were French footpads. Sailors. One wore a pea-jacket and a beret. Smugglers! Cloud runners! Air pirates! . . . That book was worth ten thousand—fifteen thousand dollars. The fat man rolled his head; in a feeble voice but in vigorous terms he took full blame for his misfortune. He was a so-and-so idiot, a blankety-blank parrot, a this-and-that whistling buoy. He called the cockeyed world to witness that he had got precisely what was coming to him.

Mr. Tierney and his wife exchanged glances; the husband made ready to go for a doctor. Either this fellow was mighty sick or his skull was cracked. Footpads! Frenchmen! Fifteen thousand dollars! In the first place, there were no footpads in Newfoundland. Neither was there fifteen thousand dollars. Frenchmen! Air pirates! This looked very much like a case of brain fever.

It was just getting light when Wally Ennis, his aching cranium neatly bandaged and smelling abominably of iodoform, eased himself into the front seat of his car and stepped on the starter. His head felt as big as a bass drum; the vibrations of the motor were transmitted directly to it. Slowly he drove on toward Harbor Grace.

Gone! Wiped out! Six months of hard labor wasted! All his evidence, his suspicions, his conjectures were now

*HE found a comfortable place for her beside the stream, then cut a slim birch pole and rigged it with line and hook.*

the property of the smugglers! They were warned and they were laughing at him. He could have wept.

The weather had cleared during the night. As he drove into Harbor Grace he strained his eyes toward the bare hogback behind the town, the level crest of which served as the airport. Near the rocky butte at the east end of the runway he saw a plane, presumably the City of Winnipeg. Evidently the Blue Bird had not arrived. Well, that was a piece of luck.

The main street of the village was empty. Ennis pelted through it and turned up the steep, stony lane that climbed toward the landing field.

Yes, the only ship there was the Winnipeg. In spite of the hour, its crew was working feverishly at it, and Wally, steering his car over to them, inquired about the New York plane.

In evident surprise the Canadian pilot asked, "Where have *you* been all night?"

"Why? What's up?"

"We-ell, the Blue Bird isn't. She's down."

"*No?*"

"Yep. Haven't you heard? She crashed in the fog. We've beeen working all night to get in shape—"

"Where did they crash?"

"Somewhere at sea probably. Of course there's a chance—"

Ennis explained his complete ignorance of the catastrophe by saying that he had left St. John's the previous afternoon and had ditched his car in the fog. He had all but killed himself.

"You're not the only one to miss the news," the Winnipeg's pilot told him. "A funny thing happened last night. Along about dark a bunch of frogs drove up here with a truckload of gas for the Blue Bird. We had to tell 'em—"

"A bunch of frogs?" Ennis broke in sharply.

"Four Frenchmen! Much as ever we could do to make them understand—"

"Wait! I'm a little sick in the head. Give me this in dribbles so I can get it. All right! Shoot, in words of one syllable."

"Along about dark up drove this mob I'm telling you about. They mistook us in the fog for the Blue Bird and began to unload in a hell of a hurry. When they discovered this was our ship they went into a huddle. We finally got it over about the accident, how the boss had phoned out from the city about five o'clock and everything and—"

"WHAT kind of an outfit was it?" Ennis inquired breathlessly. "Was one of 'em a big guy in a pea-jacket and a beret?"

"That's him. Boy, were they panicked! And did he rave when he learned what had happened!"

"If Haddon wasn't on that ship I'd figure Larue was crazy, hauling special gas all the way from France," the mechanic asserted. "Why, we've got the best gas in the world right here. It licks me."

Rapidly the newspaper man shot question after question, and as the answers came, his mind wove them into a pattern. Moment by moment he saw more clearly. It seemed that the foreign petrol had been imported at great pains and expense, or so the man in charge of it had said. It was in five-gallon containers, each one separately boxed. Larue had made arrangements for it to be delivered to his ship promptly upon its arrival here. Just how or when it had landed in Newfoundland nobody had thought to in-

quire. Where had the truck come from and who was driving it? Nobody had noticed that, either. The Frenchmen had reloaded their vehicle and driven away without loss of time. It was all very mysterious. There was no sense to the business; no head nor tail to it.

Ennis made something out of it, however. He fancied he could guess how that "imported petrol" had come into the country, and where it now was—somewhere out on Conception Bay en route back to St. Pierre. It was clear to him also how that moving van had come to be parked across the road and how its crew knew when to expect him along. After a few more inquiries he drove down to the town and there questioned some of the residents.

While waiting for his breakfast he telephoned to Carbonear and several villages farther north, asking if any foreign ship had put in there during the fog. None had.

But he struck the trail at Spaniard Bay, his first stop on the way back to town. Yes, a French fishing schooner had felt her way into port two days before. She was looking for bait and supplies. The captain was a swarthy man who wore a reefer and a beret; his name was Tremblay. He had sailed some time during the previous night. Further sleuthing on Wally's part revealed the fact that a covered van, strange to the village, had been seen on the previous afternoon and that it had been driven by a man in a soft hat and a peculiar raincoat made of some thin transparent material—one of those expensive coats worn by American tourists.

Wally returned to St. John's as rapidly as he could trust himself to drive, then he telephoned to the Newfoundland Hotel and asked for Mr. James Heffron.

Mr. Heffron, he was informed, had checked out on the morning before. As he hung up, the rotund reporter laughed mirthlessly. He had made a fool of himself, right enough, but there is a Providence which looks after children, fools, and drunkards. Fortunately the Blue Bird had crashed; otherwise in all probability he would never have learned the truth about her. Now he knew. If only her crew were not lost, if only they had not inconsiderately drowned themselves, he would still live to see them in prison and his "story" in type.

## II

VISITORS to Newfoundland who have seen its barrens, its forests, its mountains, and its valleys will agree that it is about as difficult of foot travel in summer time as any country could well be.

Certainly for the castaways from the Blue Bird it was an arduous task to work their way out of the region in which they found themselves. They had fallen in a muskeg, an enormous bog broken by lakes and ponds and impenetrable patches of spruce which necessitated toilsome and confusing detours. The mere labor of walking was incredibly hard. Two miles an hour was good going for Cadence Drew and Casey Haddon and they averaged much less as the crow flies.

Fortunately for them it was berry season, and in places they passed through acres of blueberry bushes laden with fruit, and again over mossy stretches carpeted with luscious baked-apples.

When they paused to rest they filled their stomachs.

Having flown over this part of the island, Casey knew it would be unwise to press directly toward the sea, for the coast range is broken by deep ravines and fissures, some with perpendicular cliffs which no Alpine climber could scale. It was his task, therefore, to discover some valley which he and Cadence could follow in safety, and one, moreover, which would lead them out to some settlement.

About noon of the second day they topped a low ridge beyond which was revealed a shallow valley filled with heavier timber than any they had seen. A brook flowed down into it and this they followed. It led them through alder thickets and into brier patches almost as painful to penetrate as tangled barbed wire, and once they found themselves in a windfall—a confusion of fallen tree trunks through which a fire had passed. It was a wicked place. Cadence was exhausted, discouraged, when they managed finally to scramble through it.

"So this is the Great Outdoors!" she panted as she sank upon a log. "Vacation Land! Builder of Body and Soul! It's a sham, Casey. My body is worn out and my soul is in tatters. Where are the beauties of nature the city poets rave about? All I can see are a million Christmas trees without a single present."

"Tired, aren't you?"

"I'm a walking corpse."

"We'll camp at the first good place."

Cadence shook her head. "We must get out to civilization or we'll starve. . . . I suppose when a person plays out on a trip like this you leave him, don't you? If I get so I can't walk will you shoot me? I mean regretfully but firmly. That's what the cowboy did to his wife when she broke her leg. And a darned good woman, too, so he said."

"I'll carry you."

"GEE! I'd love that. . . . Authors have been lying for years about this 'North Country.' I thought the air was like wine and you felt new life coursing through your veins. That's what the stories say. I thought everybody was glad to 'get away from it all' and went bounding through the woods. You can't bound when your feet sink up to the ankles. I was a well woman when I left home; now I'm worse than bedridden. I'm a burden to myself and as useless to you as a sick tonsil. I'm either too hot or too cold. My nose is stopped up. I'm tired. I hurt. I've got indigestion. I hate mosquitoes. I could cry. Everything is just simply—*rotten.*"

"Come on! Let me have your pack."

"No! I'll lug it or bust." Wearily the girl rose to her feet.

During the afternoon the sky grew overcast. It began to rain finally, which increased the travelers' discomfort.

They were floundering through a meadow waist-high in grass and ferns, which not only drenched them to the skin but also rendered their footing doubly treacherous, when the girl gave out. She called to her companion and swayed toward him.

"Oh, Casey!" she wailed. "I'm so tired! And—my feet hurt!" There were tears in her eyes. He caught and held her or she would have collapsed.

"Don't cry, Charley," he begged of her. "For heaven's sake, don't do that! We'll pitch camp."

"They hurt awfully and—I'm only a little fellow. Everything is so—*big.*" She drew closer, rested her weight on him, and laid her cheek against his breast. She continued to weep silently while he did his awkward best to comfort her.

Something in the timbre of his voice or in the pressure of his arms must have conveyed the sympathy and the yearning he felt, for she stopped shaking; then after a moment she raised her wet face. Stamped upon it was an expression of surprise, of incredulity. Casey knew that he had betrayed himself, and he turned sick; his face paled; he expected the girl to push herself away from him. Instead she clutched him tighter and like a tired child she lifted her lips toward his. Her eyelids fluttered, her head fell back. It was a surrender as complete as it was unexpected.

In a passion wild and tender he kissed her. He felt certain he had gone quite insane when her arms stole up around his neck and her lips held his.

He never could remember how long they stood there in the rain, nor how they got out of that place, although he did recall carrying Cadence part of the way, talking wildly, foolishly the while. He would have been willing to carry her forever, or at least as long as her cheek touched his and her arms encircled his neck. It was only by a determined effort of will that he put her down finally on higher, drier ground and began to raise their makeshift tent.

Cadence was forlorn, miserable; she huddled under the shelter while he strove to start a fire. She had not spoken since that first kiss, but whenever he raised his eyes to

*push herself away from him. Instead she clutched him tighter and lifted her lips toward his.*

her she met them with a fleeting, luminous smile.

That fire made a difference. It brought the beginnings of comfort at least. In her low-pitched, casual voice the girl said, "We must be a little bit crazy, don't you think? Let's blame it on the climate. What say?"

"It isn't the climate that ails me."

"Then it's the humidity. I got to thinking, 'Gosh! What if he'd walk off and leave me in this rain?' Any girl would hate to be left in a swamp."

Haddon shook his head. "Must we invent an excuse? Why not face the truth?"

There was a silence broken only by the sputter and snap of the wet wood; then Cadence spoke thoughtfully, "Such things just—happen, I suppose. Castaways on desert islands fall into each other's arms sooner or later, don't they? Anyhow, I've inferred as much. It's a part of the dramatic action. . . . D'you know why I broke down and blubbered?"

"I was a brute to set such a pace."

"No. I was mad at myself for petering out. Mad at everything for hurting me so." She unlaced one boot, gingerly stripped off the thin silk stocking, and held up her foot. "Look, Casey!"

Her heel was blistered, and the man uttered an exclamation:

"Charley! You poor kid!"

"D-don't get motherly or I'll bawl again. I never had anything hurt me before; not even a dentist. My right foot is just as bad."

Haddon knelt before her; hastily he unlaced her other boot. "You should have told me."

"I hate whiners."

"But a blister may be as bad as a sprained ankle."

HE opened his emergency kit, which seemed to hold a little of everything, and unwound a spool of adhesive tape. He took her small white foot in his hand and bathed it with wet, cold moss, then dried it, after which he laid strip after strip of tape over the injury until it was adequately protected. The other foot he treated likewise.

Cadence bent her ankles, wriggled her toes. "Thanks a lot. They're better already. Now you can forget my outrageous behavior."

"I'll never forget," he said huskily. Suddenly he bent his head and kissed her feet.

"Oh, my dear! My dear!"

She drew him up to her and again lifted her damp lips to his. "Don't let's think or wonder or worry for a while," said she.

The rain pattered upon the silk fabric over their heads, the fire blazed higher. It was some time before they realized how tired and hungry they were.

They had eaten their supper, they were thoroughly dry. Languidly Cadence smoked her last cigarette.

"Are you sorry you stowed away?" Casey inquired.

"Not at this moment, with no weight on my feet."

"Later, perhaps?"

"Perhaps. Quite likely, in fact. But inasmuch as we may never survive to tell the tale, why bring that up? We didn't

prearrange this situation. Neither one of us is to blame for what just happened. Nerve strain perhaps. . . . In France you boys lived in the present; you drank to avoid thinking about your tomorrows. I understand now. I'm doing that very thing."

"Flying blind, eh?"

She nodded, and he pressed his cheek to her hair. There was a fragrance to it, a lingering scent that carried him back to Fifth Avenue.

"*Isn't* it queer?" she said. "Away out here! Lost! Banished! Forty-eight hours! It's like another age, Casey; another life altogether."

He nodded. "I can look back at least a million years emotionally."

"The astounding part is that I've gone completely Eskimo in two days. That's how deep my civilization is, that's all a fashionable finishing school did for *me*. . . . Newfoundland! What a jump from the lace business!"

"Lace?" He gazed down at her uncomprehendingly.

"Don't you know?"

"I don't know anything when you look at me like that."

"Pretty Pet and I are Holcombe Drew, Inc., stupid. Fine laces. The oldest house in the country. We own all the stock and we've passed our dividends for the last three years."

"I've passed dividends all my life," he told her with a smile. "I never so much as lifted my hat to one."

"Haughty Mr. Haddon!"

"I've just been thinking that I'll have to—"

Cadence laid a soft finger upon his lips. "Don't start thinking games or you'll have me playing them, and that's the last thing I can afford to do. Away with such things! Did I think I'd get blisters walking back from an airplane ride? If you had stopped to think, would you have kissed me?"

"No! Now all I can think of is kissing you again."

"Don't—think." She lifted her face to his. It was a while before either spoke, then she exclaimed in some confusion, "There! It's time we went back to that lace business. You have no corner on hard luck, Casey. Wait until you acquire a grandmother who can't do without facials and Chanel gowns and seats in the sixth row."

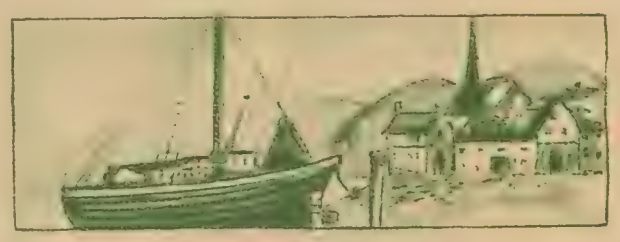
"Just the grandmother I want. And I don't propose to wait long."

"Not too serious, please! We'll probably hate each other tomorrow, or the day after at the latest. We'll surely be at daggers drawn when autumn finds us still in these woods and the berries all gone. Castaways turn to cannibalism in the last extremity. Promise to let me devour you?"

"Never!" he said firmly. "I reserve all devouring privileges."

"That's nice." She snuggled closer to him. "I didn't think words could thrill me so deeply."

THEY talked on interminably, saying little, but vastly entertained nevertheless. Both were physically tired, but sleep was the last thing they thought about, for they realized dimly that this was a magic hour the perfect spell of which they could never recapture..



The girl was a revelation to her companion; spoiled she probably was, willful, extravagant, imperious, too, but she could be frank and flippant, aggravating and affectionate, all in the same moment. He loved her most when she teased him gently or when she grew wistful, as she sometimes did.

He made her a bed of boughs finally, as deep and as soft as was ever built; then, when she was snugly rolled up in her blanket and ready for sleep, he reached out and touched her shining hair.

"Good night, Charley Johnson," he said. "Sleep tight."

"Good night, dearest, sweetest, most precious man in Newfoundland, New York, Key West, and"—she yawned drowsily—"the world!"

Casey lay for a long while staring at the fire and smiling. He was reluctant to close his eyes and put an end to this enchantment.

The rain stopped during the night, day dawned clear and warm. Thanks to Haddon's skill, Cadence was able to walk without difficulty, and as they followed the brook which had led them down off the barrens it widened and joined another stream, the hills grew higher, the country became wilder. Casey, of course, lent his companion every assistance, and more than once, when it became necessary to cross the creek, he picked her up and carried her. This was a joy, for each time she paid him with a kiss.

Early in the afternoon, during the warmest, laziest hour of the day, he insisted upon making camp, whereupon she accused him of deliberately loitering.

He confessed the charge. "I'm beginning to fear we'll get out all right. Wouldn't it be our luck to stumble on to a cabin or encounter a party of fishermen?"

"It would be pretty good luck if they had something to eat. I'm starving."

"That's why I stopped. Yonder is the first decent trout pool I've seen."

HE found a comfortable place for her beside the stream and removed her boots, then, while she paddled her feet in the cold water, he cut a slim birch pole and rigged it with line and hook. In his pack was a small tin of meat, and this gave him bait with which to catch a fingerling trout. A fin cut from this made a lure which he manipulated in such a manner as to hook a fish of some size. Those trout were as hungry as Cadence and soon half a dozen were flopping on the gravel near her.

How the girl ate when Casey fried them on one of the plates from the lunch kit! She topped off her meal with a heaping dish of raspberries, and as a final climax he rolled a cigarette for her from the last tobacco in his pouch.

"I take back all I said about the Great Outdoors," she announced. "It's marvelous."

Haddon agreed with her. "No place to be at a certain time, no telephone, no choice of forks—"

"Right! No talk about the depression, either. No complications, no perplexities, no futile contrivings. Let's stay here forever. Let's be a couple of trappers, wear furs, and eat off of birch-bark dishes—"

"You *would* bring up the subject of winter furs."

"All right! We'll sell the furs and wear birch bark. Pretty Pet and I will have to do something of the sort—Gosh!" She frowned; her gaze became thoughtful, somber.

"Are you so deeply perplexed?"

"I'm a desperate woman. Worry has aged me."

"No woman can look truly desperate while she's absent-mindedly scratching mosquito bites."

"Humph! It's the mosquito bites that make women desperate, drive them frantic. How to eat, what to wear, how to keep up appearances. Plots in the drama hinge on love, hatred, and revenge, and plays end with marriage. Real life isn't like that; its drama begins where the others stop. I dare say you've never suffered much from indecision."

"Not much."

"You wouldn't. You were turned out on a lathe; your measurements are precise, your gears mesh, you're in time, you—click. Not many of us are like that."

Casey could not agree with this appraisal of himself, but he did not argue the point. As a matter of fact, he suffered some indecision at this very moment. He wanted to talk about marriage, but he could not bring himself to do so. He could readily understand that the emotional explosion of the day before had put his companion "out of control," and that, under the circumstances, it would take her some time to level off. Nor was he ready to discuss their future until certain that she fully appreciated all of the consequences involved in this surrender of hers and was ready to meet them.

If she had been an ordinary young woman—! But she was in every way extraordinary; that, in fact, accounted for this present situation. Lucky for him, of course. What other girl would have stowed away on the Blue

Bird? Or faced the consequences of her action with such courage? There was something to be said for a social system that produced a girl with the courage, the independence, the determination to seize the man of her choice and to cut herself loose from all the ties that bound her. Of course this meant a revolutionary change for him, but he would readjust himself. This occurrence had made a man of him.

With her at his side he felt strong enough to take the world in his hands, crush it like a shell.

It is doubtful if two people lost in the woods ever treated their misfortune as lightly as this pair. Having arrived at an understanding, they enjoyed their plight thoroughly and were frankly reluctant to end it. That night when Cadence bade him good night she assured him that he was the dearest man in Nebraska, Portugal, Coscob, and the world.

On the next afternoon they encountered signs of human life in the form of an old camp site, and there they pitched their shelter. Where the stream dashed over rapids blazed tree trunks marked a canoe portage, and they assumed that this was a salmon river known to sportsmen. Haddon's heart sank, for it was evident that this intoxicating adventure was nearing its close.

It was not until late on the following day that they reached the coast. Then almost without warning they came into sight of a hamlet sitting at the head of a narrow bay, a " tickler," so-called, walled in between steep hills. There was a store, a little church, and a dock, a fleet of dories were drawn up between fish flakes upon which innumerable cod were drying. The appearance of these two strangers threw the inhabitants into a fever of excitement. News spread that survivors from the lost plane had arrived, and people came running from all directions. All had heard of the disaster. Here was something in the nature of a miracle. Warmly they welcomed the travelers.

Yes. Georges Larue and the others were safe. They had made their way out to La Poile three days before—this tiny village went under the name of Duval's—and airplanes were now scouting the country in search of the missing pilot. How strange to learn that there were *two* pilots! That there had been *five* passengers on the Blue Bird instead of four! No doubt that was the fault of the telegraph company. . . . Telegraph? Indeed yes. Duval's was on the line.

WITHOUT loss of time the newcomers made their way to the telegraph office and wrote several messages.

The townspeople were solicitous and assumed that Cadence must be exhausted, in need of medical attention and tender nursing. They were almost disappointed when she assured them that she was hale and hearty and suffering from nothing more serious than a ravenous appetite. Unless somebody promised her a hot meal without delay she declared she would eat the first child she could catch. Meanwhile warm water, soap, a tub, a comb, and a mirror would be welcome. These were readily promised. A forceful matron by the name of Donovan bore her away, and the storekeeper took Casey in charge. As she turned to go Cadence laid her hand on his and raised appealing eyes. Under her breath she murmured: " Remember St. Pierre! Promise you won't drink anything."

" Sure! That's over, Charley. Never again for me! "

While the travelers were resting, a pleasing sound came to their ears. It was a terrified cackling, a beating of wings in Mrs. Donovan's poultry yard. Casey wondered if the good woman knew how to make biscuits.

He discovered, when finally he sat down in the presence of an audience that crowded the Donovan dining room, that she did know how to make biscuits and other things equally delicious, and while he and Cadence ate they told in fuller detail the story of their misfortune and their hardships. Again their listeners marveled that a girl so frail, so exquisite, was an aviatrix, that she had ridden the clouds, had flung herself from the skies, and had come afoot off the barrens—a feat in itself to tax the strength and the endurance of a hardy man.

From the admiring townspeople came one piece of news which dismayed the new arrivals; Duval's, it seemed, was about as hard to get out of as it was to get into, and its contact with the outside world was limited to the telegraph wire and the regular coasting steamer which called in every two weeks. No boat was due for days. How to continue on, except in some tiny fishing craft, was therefore a problem. They assumed, however, that Georges Larue would manage that without delay.

In this supposition they were disappointed. Even while they were still at table word came from Port-aux-Basques that Larue and his two companions had gone to St. Pierre, whither their messages had been forwarded. St. Pierre! Haddon thought there surely must be some mistake.

FOLLOWING that wire came others, a flood of telegrams, and among them one from Cadence's grandmother which caused the girl to smile. It was hysterical, incoherent; it was a cry of joy and a bitter complaint. Pretty Pet scolded her granddaughter severely, praised God for her deliverance, and took to herself the entire credit therefor. As near as Cadence could make out, her grandmother was sick in bed under the care of two heart specialists, but during her conscious moments she held to the serene conviction that all was well.

Along with this message were others from newspapers and press associations urging her and Casey to send full accounts of their experiences, charges collect; the telegraph operator was requested to file a similar story for each of several news-gathering agencies. Plainly Miss Drew had crashed the front page of every paper from Halifax to Seattle, and she confessed her chagrin to Casey that evening, when they walked down to the dock.

" It's all so cheap and sensational," she complained. " I can see the headlines, can't you? 'Society Darling.' 'Park Avenue Parachute Jumper.' 'Heroic Pilot.' 'Blonde Beauty.' I've already had an offer from an oil company to fly for it."

Casey smiled. " You were complaining about the lace business. Here's your chance to get rich writing testimonials."

" That's an idea. Think how I could boost sales for a cosmetic concern by writing—" The speaker wrinkled her brow in thought, then quoted an imaginary letter:

" 'Dear Madam Freckle: I used your Honeymoon Facial Cream on my trip to Newfoundland. Casey Haddon pronounced its flavor delicious.'

" Honestly, dear, I feel like a freak. Why didn't we stay lost? "

" We're not exactly found yet. It will be some time before you have to face any cameras. . . . I—can't understand about Georges."

" You mean his going to St. Pierre? "

The pilot nodded.

" No doubt he had a reason for going."

" And no doubt you had a reason, too." Haddon bent an inquiring gaze upon the girl, but she only shrugged and said: " You should realize by now that I'm not a reasoning animal. I'm a creature of impulse."

" Is impulse responsible for what has happened between—"

Cadence interrupted with a laugh. " Don't ask me to draw up a bill of particulars. How do I know why I do anything? I'm all in a whirl, Casey, and right now I'd much rather be loved than cross-questioned. Nobody—"

The man did not permit her to finish her sentence. It puzzled him, vaguely, to imagine why she clung so tightly to him—as if she feared this would be their last caress.

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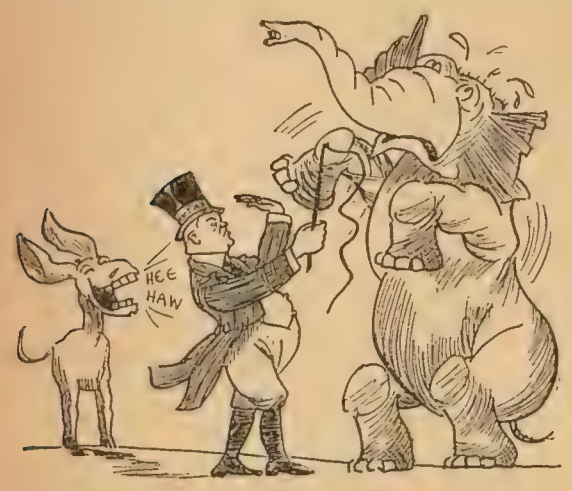
*Does a return to civilization end Casey's and Cadence's love for each other? You'll learn the answer next week.*

# Vox

### *You Don't Know What That Elephant's Got Up His Trunk*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—I doubt if you were right, Mr. Editor, when you said, in "Now for the Great Political Battle," that we may expect an interesting, dramatic, and bitterly contested political fight. It takes two evenly matched opponents to put on a good scrap, and who




can maintain that the poor old elephant has a chance, this time?

In the big two-ring circus of the coming campaign Mr. Hoover will do his best as elephant trainer, putting his lame pachyderm through its paces. But the good old donkey, watching, will have the donkey-laugh of his life!—*A Democrat and Proud of It.*

### *Back to Earth: Dark Cloud—*

CLEVELAND, OHIO—When wives who can cook best with a can opener learn to make linen from flax, by hand, and homespun from sheep shearings, and we are satisfied to go back to the sixteenth century; when city-trained men are, by some miracle, converted into farmers, then the back-to-the-farm movement might be worth something.

We don't need more farm produce, so why more farmers?—*Ernest W. Lukey.*

### *—With a Silver Lining*

GARY, IND.—The people who write to Vox Pop belittling the back-to-the-farm movement are as fatuous as if they sat down on the seashore, at low tide, and declared that the tide should not and could not rise, because such a lifting of the waters was impractical, and bound to be a rotten failure.

Despite all the croaking skeptics, the back-to-the-farm tide *is* rising so rapidly that it makes you gasp. Right here in Indiana we have 43,900 gardens under cultivation in forty-five communities. I learn that, in New York State, 5,000 industrial gardens are supplying 5,000 unemployed families with food in more than forty manufacturing communities. These gardens are said to be providing food for at least 25,000 persons.

Employees of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation alone are cultivating 7,500 gardens—an average of one garden for every seven employees.

The movement is making headway in Georgia, Alabama, Kentucky, Illinois, Ohio, Nebraska, Minnesota, Iowa, Oklahoma, and Texas.

And still there are people who say it just can't be done with any benefit or profit!

The truth is that this trek to the soil is now a fact, not a theory. Let's give thanks that the nation has swung into gardening, as never before, to lick Old Man Slump, and to give the jobless honest work instead of a demoralizing dole. —*W. Norris.*

### *Oh, Well, If You're a Billiard-Ball Milker—*

DECATUR, ALA.—It is as hard to find a good issue of Liberty as it is to milk a billiard ball.—*Amos Lovin.*

### *Which Shall We Fight—Hunger or Hooch?*

SANDUSKY, OHIO—I have read much on prohibition, pro and con, in your columns. Here's what I feel about the situation.

J. F. Starkey

Our government expends many millions of dollars each year in futile endeavors to stop the drinking of intoxicants. Why not apply this vast amount to the alleviation of distress, instead of spending it on attempts at damming the flow of liquor?

Is it not self-evident that caring for the jobless is vastly more important than the waste motion of trying to make people obey a law which they do not respect? —*J. F. Starkey.*

### *Grit versus Gold*

PORTLAND, ME.—Sometimes I think this country is still suffering from "war nerves." People seem to lack balance, stability. And that is why Liberty's editorials often have the effect of sane words spoken in a madhouse.

For example, "Money-Mad Americans" pointed out a glaring distortion in our national thinking: the fact that people everywhere are overestimating the value of money, as never before, and underrating the importance of mental and physical strength. If parents would spend more time training their children's bodies and minds, and less time piling up money for these same children, our nation would stand on sturdier foundations.—*A. Parker.*

### *Is This a Puzzle or a Kick?*

TOPEKA, KAN.—About this Bert Green person. If I was half as funny as he thinks he is, I would be twice as funny as he will ever be.—*A Kansas Hick.*

### *If We Do We'll Cut Us Four Holes First*

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—Well, you pulled a fast one in transferring the numbers of Liberty's pages from the upper corners to the lower corners.

Now, I am like the old farmer who had only one cat, but he cut four holes in the door.

L. H. Crutcher

His neighbors asked him why he did it. He said, "By golly, when I say scat I mean it!"

Now, when I get interested in the good stories in your Liberty I don't want to have to look up and down the sides of the pages to see where you have put the numbers.

I intend taking this up with Mr. Hoover if you make any more changes without notifying your two and a half million subscribers in advance.

By golly, I mean it!—*L. H. Crutcher.*

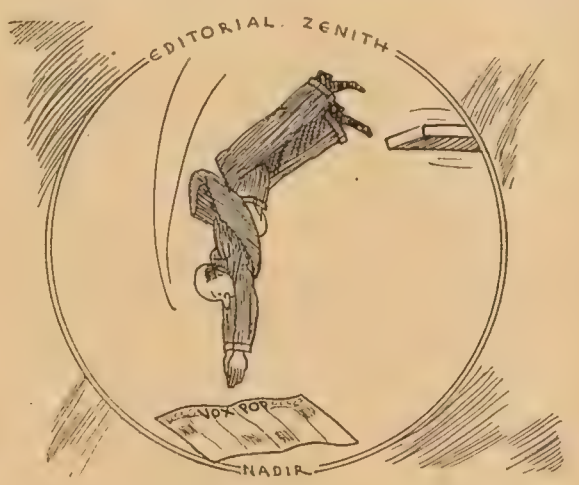
### *Oh, Mr. McCowen! Here You Are*

FAR ROCKAWAY, N. Y.—Congratulations on B. McCowen's August 13 cover —the one showing the Mexican, the female tourist, and the big parrot.

I spent several years on the Mexican border, and that Mexican was perfect as to type, right down to the gums and teeth. And, *man*, what a bird!—*K. S. Caldwell.*

### *Now That You're a Popper, Is the Average Lifted?*

QUINCY, MASS.—Liberty's editorial page is excellent. I do not see how it could be improved. Most of the stories are good. But heaven preserve us from the Vox Pop page. The ideas and diction of the Poppers prove that they are



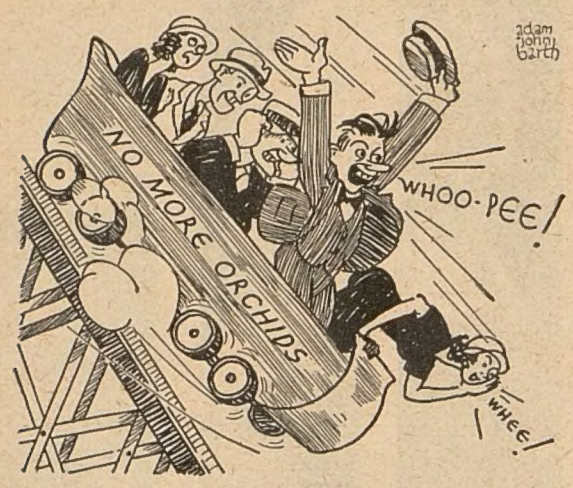

not mentally strong; and if further proof were needed, their pictures supply it. From your editorial page to the Vox Poppers' page is like diving from zenith to nadir.

Why not eliminate the Vox Pop page altogether and let us have a magazine that is wholly good instead of partly good?—*Donald MacPherson.*

# Pop

### *Grace Perkins Gives Them a Breathless Scenic Whirl*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Whee, and a couple of whoopees! I'll say there's speed and action in Liberty's serial, "No More Orchids"! Was Grace Perkins once a racing driver, or an airplane speed queen, or somepin? She writes as if she'd had a job along that line, and




the love of swift action had stayed right with her.

"No More Orchids" carried me along from thrill to thrill as if I'd been riding in one of those wild little cars that rush down the dips and around the curves of a scenic railway.

Did I like the ride that story gave me? And how!—*P. Morris*

### *This Halyburton Hullabaloo*

COLUMBIA, MO.—"Shoot and Be Damned!"—but did you ever see a hard-boiled egg that wasn't yellow at the center? If Sergeant Hardboiled Halyburton typifies the American soldier, I will throw away my silver service button and say, "God help us all."—*E. Y. Smith.*

SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA—"Shoot and Be Damned!"? Well, well! Please buzz for the editor and tell him the war is over.—*I. H. C.*

COLUMBIA, S. C.—Why all the Vox Pop hullabaloo about "Shoot and Be Damned!"?

Every person educated in Columbia knows that during the Civil War Sherman parked his popguns on a hill across the river and proceeded to shell the defenseless city. Our handsome new Capitol, gleaming white in the sunlight, offered the playful boys across the river a tempting target.

A shell or two actually hit the building and the brown scars still remain on the side, to be seen by all who are interested in such things.

After tiring of target practice they crossed the river and entered the city. Seeking further amusement, when nightfall came they put on a hilarious party which was climaxed by the boys securing torches and methodically going from house to house and street to street setting afire every building, including residences, that would burn.

Does reading about this wanton destruction of our city inflame us against the northern people? It does not! We know this action was the result of passion nurtured by conditions then existing.

Likewise, the reading of Halyburton's experiences is not going to turn us against the German people.—*N. W. Turbyfill.*

### *Anyway, Your Letter's So Nasty It's Nice*

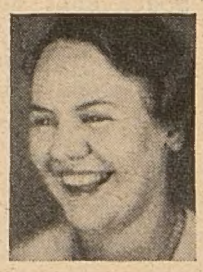
SHREVEPORT, LA.—If it is possible for anything to be so rotten that it is good, then your Bright Sayings of Children are good.—*Bert Carl.*

### *Men's Coat-and-Collar Cowardice*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Vox Popper Karl von Ei wants an article on the truth about modern women: "How they are undermining civilization with their smoking, taking men's jobs, acquiring masculine modes of dressing, etc."

That makes me laugh as I have never laughed before. The truth isn't what he thinks it is. His girl must have left him for a broader-minded gent.

As for "acquiring *masculine* modes of dressing," he may be referring to



Irene Gurly

pyjamas, for instance. From the waist down they may be similar to men's clothing, but oh! those backless tops! When have men ever dressed like that? Some of the women's styles may look funny, but who can say they are not comfortable?

You men would like to discard your coats and tight collars during the summer months.

You know you would! But you won't because you are afraid—afraid of public opinion!—*Irene Gurly.*

### *Fiction Fare for the Fed Up*

NATIONAL CITY, CALIF.—In publishing "The Truant Scarf," by Alma and Paul Ellerbe, Liberty has provided a treat for those of its readers who are "fed up" with raw, sophisticated, and vulgar stories, which the publishers of today appear to think the only kind of fiction desired by their patrons.

Publishers are a canny tribe, and it is reasonable for them to assume that an increase in circulation is evidence of approval of their policy; but public taste is never static for long periods of time, and he is a wise purveyor who anticipates the inevitable change of mood on the part of his customers by giving them a sample of better wares occasionally.—*Frank Chase.*

### *Well, We Know Some Children's Books You'd Just Love*

MONTPELIER, VT.—Stop giving up articles and stories about the sinning, ginning kind of girl. I, sir, am an advocate of the old-fashioned type of female. That is the reason why I am never seen with a member of the opposite sex!

All I want is a regular girl! A girl who would be very dutiful in regard to putting out our cat and locking our bungalow for the night.

She'd darn my socks and mend my clothes. I alone should be her hero. There would be no "ice-man" affairs while I was at my daily toil.

Life would not be dreary for us. We'd have our fun. Yes, sir! Every Saturday night I'd take her to a movie, after which we'd sip a malted milk and thence to our abode. Ah!

But! Try and find that type of girl! All the so-called modern miss does is to make whoopee!—*Bennie.*

### *Eat 'Em and Be Different Ever After*

DANBURY, CONN.—Princess Kropotkin's description of "peaches Alexandra" has left me all aflutter! Most of us are lucky to get poached eggs on burnt toast; but poached peaches—sweet ha-cha!

"Crumble half a cup of candied pink rose leaves." (And they call this a depression!) "Serve as quickly as possible." What do you do then—inhale 'em?

Perhaps the Princess could be persuaded to write a second essay, entitled, "The Proper Approach for Poached Peaches." I'll be waiting.—*Frank Tully.*

### *Note for the Circulation Department*

WINNIPEG, MAN., CAN.—Once a week I rush to our local news stand and buy out every Liberty I can see. Why? Not to read, thank God, but to save our

many clear-minded citizens from reading your awful magazine.

Some of the stories are worthless.

Some time ago I wrote a short short story, but still have it in my possession because I think it is too good for your lousy nickel magazine.—*Ray Gibson.*

# MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST

## *IN CASH* $2,500 *PRIZES!*

### 254 Chances for You to Win!

### You Still Have Time to Get into the Money!

IN publishing Movie Mystery Puzzle No. 5 this week Liberty hopes that every one of its readers will get into the game and try for a share of the $2,500 cash prize money which will be distributed among the successful contestants. You can enter today by solving this puzzle. Then bring your entry up to date by sending for the preceding puzzles, which will be mailed to you gratis.

This week's puzzle, like each of the others, contains the scrambled portraits of three movie players. The idea is to assemble the strips into the three original pictures and then identify them. Can you do it? Do you know your movie folk? The contest provides a fine chance to find out just how much knowledge of the film people you really have. Why not get into the game right now and test your skill if you have not already done so?

Now, about getting the first four puzzles or any of them that are needed to complete your set so far. Simply mail a post card to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, Lincoln Square, New York, N. Y., and state the puzzles you wish to have mailed to you. There will be no charge for this late entry service.

When they arrive you can solve them and your entry will be even with the field. But do not send in any puzzles until your set of thirty identified pictures is complete. Entries submitted piecemeal will not be considered.

**LIMERICK CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT**

**Space does not permit publication in this issue of the names of the July 23 Limerick winners. However, prize checks are being mailed on schedule and the complete list of winners will be published as soon as space is available.**

### THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish the scrambled portraits of three well known movie players—thirty portraits in all—each posed so that some of the features are obscured. However, when the strips are cut apart and assembled correctly, definitely identifiable portraits will result.
2. Cash prizes, listed in the schedule on this page, will be paid for the 254 most accurately identified sets of thirty assembled portraits accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words that you would most like to receive by telegraph or cable from one of the players identified in your entry.
3. The most accurately identified set accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of originality, plausibility, and neatness.
4. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.
5. Do not send in less than a complete set of portraits. Hold all your identifications until you have the complete set of thirty. Print or write your name plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them together with your message to MOVIE MYSTERY EDITOR, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.
6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is needless expense. A plain entry, if correct, will have just as much weight as a fancy one.
7. All entries must be received not later than Friday, October 21, the closing date of this contest.
8. The contest board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

### CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

| | |
|---|---|
| First Prize | $500 |
| Second Prize | 250 |
| Third Prize | 100 |
| Two Prizes, each $50 | 100 |
| Four Prizes, each $25 | 100 |
| Forty-five Prizes, each $10 | 450 |
| 200 Prizes, each $5 | 1,000 |
| 254 Prizes—Total | $2,500 |

NEXT WEEK—ANOTHER INTERESTING PUZZLE IN THE MOVIE MYSTERY CONTEST—NEXT WEEK

# THE FIGHT FOR TICONDEROGA

*For a reproduction of this painting, address Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.*

"Hey! If I'm star reporter, I gotta have a better pencil. How about that Ti-con-der-oga behind your ear?"

"Nothing doin'! A man in my position gotta have the best and I'm keepin' the Ti-con-der-oga!"

Ti-con-der-oga is America's favorite five-cent pencil, used by business men, stenographers, school teachers, college students, pupils everywhere. The familiar figure of Ethan Allen, at Fort Ticonderoga, points the way to the biggest pencil-value you can get for a nickel anywhere. See your stationer.

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